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# R/Evolution: Social Medicine in Ink

by  
Philip Morais

A Thesis  
Submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research  
through English Language, Literature and Creative Writing  
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements  
for the Degree of Master of Arts  
at the University of Windsor

Windsor, Ontario, Canada

2005

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Branch

Direction du  
Patrimoine de l'édition

395 Wellington Street  
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4  
Canada

395, rue Wellington  
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4  
Canada

*Your file    Votre référence*

*ISBN: 0-494-09784-1*

*Our file    Notre référence*

*ISBN: 0-494-09784-1*

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## Abstract

“R/Evolution: Social Medicine in Ink,” positions composition of written words in print vis-à-vis dominance of wider social communications via multi-sensory communications media. Given no mass medium is more of an “antibiotic” perceptually for this contemporaneous “incubation” than specialized visual fragmentation of the Latin alphabet typographically set on pages, marginalized ABCs machines press in ink provide modified relevance in supplying new “circuit breaker” demands for an “electronic” jungle we swamp ourselves with. Writers who disembody their expressions by descendants of Gutenberg’s technology thusly fully capitalize by writing in the mask of the artist-critic, to service to all atypically fit for facing an implosion underway of readers and of reading since channeling this fusion ecology is done eclectically, poetry with prose, fiction with non-fiction, as well as drama.

This thesis models these efforts on revision of the trivium, lower division of the seven liberal arts of the Middle Ages, in attempting pattern recognition enhancement an anti-environment should foster, an information compass to users who become explorers of the globe online. Ergo to provide control and comprehension is to refashion Archimedes’ lever in the image of this new literacy: ability to adjust to perpetually shifting reality awash in the symbology of virtual dataspheres. The hypothesis in question is if there is beneficial generalization cognitively as much as physically an unspecialized hand enabled our ancestors on our revolutionary evolutionary path to adapt to and through tools that extend an increasingly obsolescent body that nature once predominantly nurtured –minds as hands, as antennae tuned for coded fields of feeds, evagination of tentacle of consciousness handling digital depths through grasping.

*In appreciation of Athena slouching towards Bethlehem to be born*

## Acknowledgements

The graduate student responsible for this happy collision wishes to single out Dr. Thomas Dilworth for diligence in undertaking an advisory role on such short notice with rare humour and humanity as well as other readers involved in the defense of this thesis who gave of their time: Dr. Richard Douglass-Chin and Dr. Irvin Goldman. I am especially thankful for support from my parents Rufino and Beatriz Morais. Finally, mention of what can only be responsibly named “mystery” in an epoch as “after just now” of traditional literacy as it is of secular narrative, one references innumerable unforeseen and unforeseeable fortunes and misfortunes which made this improbable attraction of signs probable by scholarly robes.

## Table of Contents

ABSTRACT	iii
DEDICATION	iv
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	v
DIVISIONS OF PERCEPTS	
Rhetoric	
flurry	2
DEATH	5
Cleansing	6
SNAFU or A-CHOO	9
Untitled	11
VEIL	12
Matador Pink	13
Grammar	
The Möbius Script	16
Dialectic	
@ego	37
APPENDICES OF CONCEPTS	
The Manifestation of Spelling in an Habitat of Electronic Meditation	87
VITA AUCTORIS	111

# Rhetoric



flurry

\*

and

falling

first snow

exhaling sky

terrestrials suck in

blow out warm respiration

myrrh

in pirouette with air

land a dance of tectonic plates

as gutters choke a lullaby of death

silvery marks of motion

baby minnows plumbing depths

cocaine spun with spoon in kool aid

saturation or monocromatic accumulation

as sand in deserts to dunes

molecules for capillary grass

geocentric

eccentric

ecstatic

circles of silence land

vista translates

pale nude verbs of erasure

\*

and

defrosting

windshield

wipers steer off ashen blinds from cars heating up

morning shoveler on suburban driveways

working in dark against rush hour deadlines

nasal drip tempo to pace legs in thermal underwear

shiver shuffle shiver

snowbound expressway  
engine  
combusting  
requiem for square four lane pileup  
trips i take  
loves i make  
lives i lead  
loves i leave  
snowball effect

\*

and  
frosting  
bedroom window  
cellular condensation of brain becoming mind  
conscious  
unconscious  
preconscious  
premonition  
pretense  
precisely  
nonsense  
sense  
six senses  
for sex  
stuttering moan climate  
white noise  
floating  
in oxygen  
gravitational radiance of syllables slipping  
out of mindscape  
digging  
digging  
dug  
an archeology of self  
memory is medium  
lobular lock and trapdoor key  
for a wooly mammoth in a dream  
preserved in an avalanche

flake flits  
flick of light switch  
tick  
clocking off neural sponge  
tock  
bedtime  
under  
chalky flannel  
fluffy comforter nuzzle  
on rouge cheeks holding breath  
veins surface  
blue  
bluer  
blur

\*

and  
falling  
first snow  
i  
falling  
asleep  
and  
falling  
and

## DEATH

## Cleansing

*Sarajevo 1994*

1

gut the plumbing

pipes make rifle  
barrels

men who left to fight  
went with wrenches  
rattling

2

shots

blots

blood stains underwear  
Ivana pulls

up

Sasha her sister culls dirty

laundry

living in basements with blankets

donated cans of food

threadbare chesterfields where children

sit

only soldiers go to mosque to

pray or

visit or dig graves

Croats, Serbs

living, dead

6

mutts bark by barbed wire  
headquarters and embassies

move every  
month

every day roofs  
fall

bombs  
drop

3

light of artillery fire  
night a veil over a target

guerrilla hills  
view

turkey shoot  
stores, cafés, restaurants  
from evening promenades  
with pockmarks of bullet holes  
on skin of cement

basket by belly  
ready to  
run to  
do wash in tides of the Miljacka  
sisters who are mothers who are daughters carrying loads  
in Snipers' Alley passing  
in back of cover of  
UN armoured trucks

panting  
tasting mucus  
rotting teeth

licks of lips in exhaustion  
as if it would bring relief

river

sunrise

rinse

last load

drip

drip

drip

shrapnel

pierces their

skulls

SNAFU  
or  
A-CHOO

porn, popcorn, pop-up books  
pass a vibrator, Venus  
gotta light, Prometheus?

UFOs from Uranus  
weather balloon, boob  
hot air, asshole

farting on  
first date  
is a bitch  
a Monday morning bitch  
sometimes lingers longer

would U like an HIV test?  
says doc  
durin'  
check-  
up

roll ur sleeve  
jizz lemme peek 4  
veins, tattoos, graffiti

Freud  
on coke:  
kill daddy, motherfucker

take a pill  
ask Alice  
raggin' in  
pussy-quack waiting room

honk my horn, honky  
Lorena, bob it

sperm donors, dike  
spare some change, kike?



WOPS & WASPS  
chimps & chinks  
guerrilla warfare, cuts in welfare

Third World, Third Reich  
www.WWIII  
three as in threesome  
cryptic as in creepy Philip Morais

how does this work?  
CIA manual on psych-ops  
agitprop, my comrade  
propaganda, my pin-up

gimmicks U gimme R glib  
lady, lip me some lib  
don't call me honey, sugar  
how about abortion, baby?

hackers          slackers          cheese N crackers

milk of magnesia          age of amnesia

PLAYbirthSTOP  
FASTFORWARDdeathREWIND  
STOPsexPLAY  
PAUSEloveRECORD ....

VEIL

L I V E  
I . . V  
V - I  
E V I L

## Matador Pink

### I

Sashaying Torino door open. I, Manso, el bullshit artista  
Escape again. Hats off. Hips cock.

A.M. in Ford lot. AM radio snorts  
Out of windows, decibels yawns pump. Makes my maker makes  
Bumper shift traffic. Alienation a flat spare tire a face wears.  
Exhaust. Exhale you breathe.

Horning driver's side back with elbow.  
Click. Clap shut. Olé. Fuel inject espresso, automaton locomotor  
On employee walkway feeding in hands.

Cretin job. Reading Greek warning labels.  
Dad driven to kill himself down same man-hours manhole. Mayday.  
Entering front gates or orifice flaps. Mechanical drone huffs, huffs  
In swallower belly of. Tentacle titillation of  
Robotic arms. Sparks. Beastly.

### II

Wrestling on blue polyester coveralls. One leg. The other. Peekaboo.  
Cyclops of surveillance camera. All-Seeing Eye, Henry Ford portrait,  
Main entrance hall. Oakville Assembly Plant, a minivan a minute kikiriki off line.  
Carpal tunnel overtime. Toro, toro, Torontonians join you,  
Cash is cash. Cow on management, beef with sucky ventilation.  
Mano a mano. Poco a poco. Loco.

Worker. Buzzer. Break.  
Fuck this motor company *mucho* limited. Beep, beep. Union can blow me,  
Engineers mean dick. Afford to quit? Can do nada.

Air-gun air-conditions balls.

### III

Tomorrow cruise. Leftmost rejoneador express lane. Topless Mustang,  
Blood-red chariot conquistador mounts; Labour Day hot air polishes  
Ball-bearing baldness, pigtail tuner stringing hairline aria.  
No steel plate in skull or boot. No undies, old-timer style, dangling  
Dinky car hung on neck of pubic mane. Clutch, gas, bitch about broads,  
Vasectomy, coupe legroom since size shrivels.

Tomorrow or  
Tomorrow fanning peacock feather ocellus in morning mirror.  
Yesterday, tornado, weathers kisser. No convertible Ariadne today,  
For Valentino woo with nose pierced, riding shotgun or blowing your plug  
Cooling, cooler, cold. Gold to lead. Where all threads end.

Protest tomorrow. Prostate cancer, boulder to remove,  
Stone to piss. Always cancer. And always surplus. And cancer born under  
Crab Nebula, Taurus constellation Venus rules over backseat Gemini  
Honeymoons, guzzling for supply and demand from snout to tail.  
Minotaurs are Immaculate Conceptions, born on their fours with their  
Zapatillas en pointes, hoofing walls in labyrinths of green spleen.

# Grammar

# The Möbius Script

**CAST:**  
CHORUS  
DYLAN'S CHARACTERS  
GHOST OF McLUHAN  
PHIL  
SCHOLAR  
SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTERS

ACT I:

Britney, Billy shakes spears

with Bobby, zipper man

CHORUS: A vivisection of the spoken versus written word by comparative dialogues on ear/eye & eye/ear tensions in works by William Shakespeare and Bob Dylan as well as industries they effect and affect them.

*Enter SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTERS with PHIL and SCHOLAR.*

PROSPERO (on pedestal of replica of Gutenberg printing press): Originally, plays we group under "Shakespeare" read not unlike musical score, notes on recital, for those amongst a

literate minority who read drama. *The First Folio*, in fact, printed eighteen unprinted scripts, about a half of the canon, seven years posthumorous.

SCHOLAR (in Bodleian Library): As a footnote *The First Folio* is this author's first collection of works.

FALSTAFF (quixotic): Not surprisingly, this dramatist is known, if known in Early Modern England, primarily via stage. That seems tautological, reminder a playwright is a playwright, a playhouse scribbler. That live entertainment begets spoken words. That his lifetime relationship with his public is no negotiation of reader/writer dynamics on page any concurrent novelist, say Cervantes, engages.

HAMLET (flash of Lawrence Olivier directing): The play's the thing ...

PHIL (flash of Norman Mailer): ... Wherein we'll catch the consciousness of our time.

LEAR (out of an avalanche of books, madly): One impetus in underscoring ancillary beginnings for Shakespeare for print is spurring against popular association of the plays being in covers bound. The other to probe this ubiquitous apprehension since we rearrive on questions of media and usher arguments concerning performance. For instance, a literate majority in early twenty-first century Anglo-American society requires a public school system whose authoritative curriculums still teach Shakespeare by stressing text. Initial exposure on



that level undoubtably helps inoculate common conceptions. What etiology, though, examines why herds fetish print technology in an advanced computer epoch?

RICHARD III (downloading pornography): Of course, erase book presses and you rub out public education. Software multi-tasks to change this fact; this fact lingers. No public even exists without the radical information dissemination that movable type heralds circa 1455.

SCHOLAR (at Cambridge University): As a footnote that year Gutenberg produced an edition of the Vulgate.

PETRUCHIO (fresh from kissing KATE): Print bookends five centuries of Western civilization, whose necessary saturation circulates for literate society to breathe its inky air. Irreversibly on a post-literate trajectory, mass existence spasms in conversion from public consciousness through antique production volumes of spine-bound words, potlatch congestion sufficient to nurture a nostalgia, appropriation of oral culture being a natural state for language (plays born in covers bound, inclusive).

PHIL (googling word “library”): Therefore, I assign authorship of the previous paragraph over to TV. My unacknowledged third parent, by purely being there, taught me everything I need to know about print. Whether I watch Sesame Street or porn, this pièce of electric furniture is amplification for more sensory interplay antithetical to visual perversion that abstract letters beg. If set type set minds to think of words being in a “natural” state in print,

newer norm TV simultaneously broadcasts perceptual habitats against such bias as well as “intuition” sympathetic to that sensory interplay of performance. The assumption is *experience not understanding* harbours vaster sway over behaviour from where thoughts flux.

SCHOLAR (in the Library of Congress): Note popular critic Harold Bloom. *Hamlet: Poem Unlimited* (2003) rests on: “We want to hear Hamlet on everything, as we hear Montaigne, Goethe, Emerson, Nietzsche, Freud. Shakespeare, having broken into the mode of the poem unlimited, closed it so that always we would go on needing to hear more.” We hear “hear” three times, but in what sense?

The list of writers who follow that second “hear” penned works in print. Goethe slight exception: though *Faust* is performable, his poem-as-play remains closet drama Romantic admirers undertook (see *Manfred: A Dramatic Poem* by Byron who never desired to stage this English *Faust*, indeed *resee* this closet drama). In any case, “hear” becomes metaphoric, silent noise speech becomes on page where eye becomes metaphoric ear of the solitary reader; so Hamlet, whom we want to “hear” in the first instance, is Hamlet in book-bound production as “as” is his transitional word, indication of temporal simultaneity.

The third “hear” only reinforces this. In preceding clause, Shakespeare had “broken into the mode of the poem unlimited.” A play as poem, limited or unlimited, revamps closet drama à la Goethe. The last “hear” is as quiet as first.

IAGO (as trustworthy as Tony Blair): Bogus, theatre history would rebut Mr. Morais. Shakespeare enjoys four hundred years of staging, rich with movements by adapters, actors,

and directors. Why credit television on “regeneration” of performance whose tradition predates vacuum tubes?

PHIL (face in close-up shot on TV screen): To clarify, by “regeneration” I mean performance being utmost, later sixteenth-century and earlier seventeenth-century conditions yielding in time to print. Though adaptations on film, television, and home rentals play supporting roles with messages of those mediums, we’ll examine lesser examined dataspheres of interface between theatre, academic practice, and popular culture.

ROSENCRANTZ (alive beside POLONIUS, dead): W. B. Worthen in “Invisible Bullets, Violet Beards: Reading Actors Reading” critiques New Historicism, prominent movement in writings by scholars of the English Renaissance, “with its often shrewd tension between ... the otherness of history and revising the present by revising the past. (Worthen 217)” This is problematic due to “likeness between historical eras in terms of their internal symbolic and representational dynamics rather than in the narrative, linear causality of more conventional historiography (Worthen 217).” What particularly irks is kinship between New Historicism and contemporaneous forms of staging Shakespeare dubbed “eclectic” which splice periods in costume and scenery. Is this intellectually irresponsible, as Worthen charges, or evidence of something else entirely? One director presciently observes: “The key point is that audiences are changing and are, I think, for a multiplicity of reasons prepared to accept eclecticism as the central aesthetic of our times (Berry 96).” Of course, this stops short of asking why, which is where our investigation begins.

GUILDERSTEIN (dead beside OPHELIA, alive): Worthen, I believe, is upset by New Historicist mannerisms as anecdote to reveal cultural totality through disjunctive moments. This concept of history fails to inform on processes by which disparate subjects are selected for comparative discourse and “seem” random to those accustomed to total evaluation of available texts and documents before any conclusions are drawn. New Historicism appears to challenge such methodology without explanation. I would simply counter that New Historicism and “eclectic” staging of Shakespeare is only more in sync with how we now conceive of time due to how we perceive space. This is a movement from “visual” to “acoustic” space accompanying a switch from ocular reading of print to aural listening to speech allowed by electric technology. We are animals who communicate: neither can there be history nor civilization to literally *speak* of without some form of speech or language, so any modulation in how that registers on senses portends radical consequences for whatever ideas spout out of bipedal meat machines. Further, since books are now, by nature, incompatible with such social “instincts,” we turn to vivisect other artifacts for divination of what transition from “visual” to “acoustic” space means before we can return to issues raised by New Historicism and Worthen.

PHIL (slinging an electric guitar): Crystallization of the translation from visual to acoustic space occurs on sixties LPs *Highway 61 Revisited* by Bob Dylan and *Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band* by The Beatles.

*Exit SHAKESPEARE’S CHARACTERS enter DYLAN’S CHARACTERS.*

TWEEDLE-DEE DEE (spinning vinyl on two turnables): “Desolation Row” is an eleven minute and twenty-one second culmination of *Highway 61 Revisited*, an unimaginable length for a pop song in 1965. In fact, an impossible length before long-playing records when radio was sole venue for this mass art form and commercial length of two-to-three minutes became supposedly necessary. As Web sites do today, albums provided more direct mediation between artist and audience –without that middleman of radio, player and listener could now lay down their own experiential laws. Though democratic in its manifestation this new medium definitely slanted towards artists and did as much to foster perception of mass musicians being “serious” artists as did any individual ability and ambition. In that sense that artificial collective consciousness of the Net, current cutting-edge relay station trying to amalgamate and/or extinct radio, is an album in reverse being slanted towards audience, annoying less prescient artists with free exchange of files and CD burners that allow listeners to create their own albums. That albums and rock bands have never seemed more precious to audiophiles are symptoms of nostalgia, nexus of inefficiency and insanity, not unlike finicky aesthete appreciation of novels after film and, especially, television. When art becomes useless and overstates its presence, such gestures of overcompensation always spell an obsolete state, perceptual distortion of fixation-as-fetish is being imposed.

TWEEDLE-DEE DUM (in record store in Times Square): Good aesthetic fascist as his writerly postures demonstrate, Dylan made LPs platforms to realize literary goals by acoustic publishing on rubber canvas of vinyl, a cultural coup d’état due to radio being too advanced to print-tuned audiences, long-playing records filling in gaps between books and electric

AM/FM boxes by making albums speech-books.

SCHOLAR (in Smithsonian): Note here on “writingly postures.” Tweedle-dee dum refers to the literary manifestoes Bob Dylan made out of sleeves notes on classic albums *The Times They Are A-Changin’*, *Another Side of Bob Dylan*, *Bringing It All Back Home*, *Highway 61 Revisited*, *John Wesley Harding*, and *Desire*. Of course, I forget to mention *Tarantula* ... well, we’ll get to that later ... maybe.

MR. JONES (‘50s type, square head, in reading den in *Happy Days*’ Connecticut): As much as Donne and Shakespeare benefit from social energy in explosive perceptual hybrids resulting in greater visual stress in the switch to print, Dylan enjoyed an equivalent in the perceptual reversal, traceably evidenced in giddy ornateness that each of these writers demonstrates. Singing print (what critics often mention to be “literary lyrics”) into mikes Robert Zimmerman, calling himself “Dylan” after Dylan Thomas in all those good book-bound editions of twentieth-century poetry, conceptually gave birth to the art of the sixties pop album. Before Bob, long-players are twenty-five to thirty-five minute collections of whichever songs in an enjoyable order. After, forty to seventy plus minute statements of all original material, assertions of authorship and demands of patient technological interaction, all literary characteristics or Gutenberg epiphenomenons, which make this artist an “aesthetic fascist” in imitating that two-dimensional absolute of the mechanized page. No other song quite expresses such ambition as “Desolation Row.”

THIN MAN (in Village People's "disco inferno" a.k.a. Club 54): On that last track of *Highway 61 Revisited*, this Dantesque catalogue of notables from history pass in succession from verse to verse. These similarities that rise between Dylan and Dante are poetic ambition in print-liberated environments as much as differences coming from one recording a record, the other writing a manuscript. In speeding up information dissemination that encouraged democracy, the middle class, the novel, and the nation-state, the press further fragmented perception in overexposure to sequential line-by-line and letter-by-letter reality, that whole provincial issue of being "Irish" in Joyce and "French" in Proust. "Desolation Row" in a single epic song, like *La Comedia* in a single epic poem, presents a history of civilization with understandable Western bias, temporal inclusivity Gutenberg's invention stamped out of collective consciousness. The differences are that Dante presents us a pious, clearly delineated strata with famous personage so-and-so in supposedly consistent placement in "Inferno," "Purgatorio," and "Paradisio"; whereas Dylan has Ophelia and Cinderella, Cain and Abel, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, even "Einstein disguised as Robin Hood" in an irreverent carnival, decadent in the style of some sixties "happening" beginning with mention of a hanging. These organizational partings, pious sense of order in the former verses surrealistic sense of disorder in the latter, ultimately trace to ocular versus oral bias. When writing an eye directs, when recording an ear. Vision is highly dualistic with inescapable horizons which divide space. Sound suffers far less of the compartmentalization that results in certainty: when a name is heard, a head tends to rotate in numerous directions in an expression of doubt. Thus to an ear, space is enigmatic because hearing is spastic; to an eye, time is problematic because seeing is this constant projection of space. The writer of *La Comedia*

for these reasons feels need to herald eternity, singer of “Desolation Row” likewise to prophesy apocalypse. Moreover, Hell and Heaven and Purgatory are perpetual being intangible, you are you and there is there, division is the basis of knowledge in visual space; in acoustic space blind man or maced protester with 20/20 eyesight must immerse themselves to navigate, each instinctively reaching out with hands in an expression of the tactile return intimately tied to earful reliance, Dylan exhibiting similar species of the action in his historical grasping at straws. Finally, in visual space past, present, and future (as much as Hell, Heaven, and Purgatory) are definite and narrative sequence seems necessary to chronicle expansion of time; in acoustic space the past is the future is the present, indefinites are definite and non-sequence of lyric and iconic symbol seem necessary to help inhabit this implosion of time. Think of visual space as a Renaissance painting done in the techniques of perspective, of acoustic space as a digital graphic magnetosphere dipping in at each pole (or ear) to form that Siamese gravitational honeycomb not unlike Princess Leia’s hairdo in *Star Wars*. Confused? More illustrative examples to follow on this subject.

JOHN WESLEY HARDING (in the sky with diamonds like LUCY): After radio, film, television, orientation returns to acoustic space, which that last track of *Highway 61 Revisited* channels. If that album allows listeners to hear transition to acoustic space, cover art on *Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band* provides photographic representation of what was perception in the twentieth century. An extraordinary and uncanny photo that deserves its fame: Bob Dylan, of course, is featured, gurus, comics, movie actors, writers, athletes, The Beatles themselves, among many others. That *Sgt. Pepper’s* is our first album to completely



print its lyrics even seems like an artistic retort to Dylan, surpassing intentions of those earlier literary manifestoes in establishing albums as speech-books of acoustic space in the sleeves.

*Exit DYLAN'S CHARACTERS to the tune of "Video Killed The Radio Star."*

SCHOLAR (in lecture hall): Now reconsider New Historicism. Like "Desolation Row" and *Sgt. Pepper's* cover art, it is quite an eclectic ensemble, granted in very much an academic version. In any case, this supposed heterodoxy begins with the influence of anthropologist Clifford Geertz who draws attention to the ways cultures deploy ideology and other symbolic systems to control their members. Next, psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan who emphasizes that subjectivity is rooted in language and developed in relation to an often threatening Other. Of course, Karl Marx (between Oliver Hardy and H. G. Wells on *Sgt. Pepper's*) as revised by Louis Althusser on the relationship between literary texts and economy. Last, but not least, Michel Foucault with an analysis of power.

PHIL (in dunce chair in corner): Postmodernism normalizes us to such smorgasbord learning diets but I wonder how many of us realize how utterly strange and esoteric this all is: critical practice has changed so radically in the second half of the twentieth century, right in step with electric technology; no surprise, then, that critics as W. B. Worthen feel need to express what amounts to intellectual shell-shock.

SCHOLAR (behind lectern): This is my class, Mr. Morais. In any case, "Desolation Row"

and *Sgt. Pepper's* further share with eclectic productions of Shakespeare and New Historicism an inherent theatricality. This is due in each to carnivalesque calling attention to themselves by juxtaposing the disparate as the norm, promiscuous play becoming instituted as thought itself to usher beginnings of the abandonment of the singular point of view so sympathetic to visual bias in the sensorium. In New Historicism this is not only evident in its nihilistic malaise of influences but in an actual turn to Shakespeare because its emphasis on theatricality encourages focus on drama.

*GHOST OF McLUHAN boots up on a jumbotron in an infinite series of screens in screens, eerie as a virus.*

GHOST OF McLUHAN: This is typical of books, to locate things in other books and misunderstands totally how we interact with the media, which provide us with our environments, totally embracing the globe since the Soviet launch of Sputnik in 1957. Our technologies make us who we are and we loyally serve them out of fear for our precious identities. The case unfortunately remains that a scholar without a book is like a soldier without a gun, what we in the Centre for Culture and Technology like to call an ol' POB (Print-Oriented Bastard) ... ha, ha.

PHIL (standing on head): Postmodernism no more than an attempt at articulation of percepts of acoustic space in print, which explains initial resistance to what was deduced to be its often tortured logic? Hmm ... is this "postmodernism" fundamentally only a movement, a growing

pain to prepare us to leave books behind at its progressive best and at its retrogressive worst a theoretical form of cosmetic surgery on a content of a medium increasingly unpresentable to our new sensibility?

GHOST OF McLuhan: I deserves final word here. These are my ideas we are *playing* with after all. Let *me* clarify my percepts for once:

Acoustic space is spherical. It is without bounds or vanishing points. It is structured by pitch separation and kinesthesia. It is not a container. It is not hollowed out. It is the space in which men live before the invention of writing –that translation of the acoustic into the visual. With writing men began to trust their eyes and to structure space visually. Pre-literate man does not trust his eyes very much. The magic is in sound for him, with its power to evoke the absent.

Now, in relation to these probes made above, the eclecticism of our new acoustic space wrongly labeled “postmodernism” imposes uniformity between traditionally disparate endeavours with regard to the Shakespeare industry like academia, theatre, film, and television, to a point where these necessarily became one through multi-media software. Anyway, in all this talk of acoustic and visual space resulting from the transition from spoken word to written word and back again in the case of Bob Dylan and the recording industry, various reversals have been mentioned that I have addressed in my fourth law of media ... this, though, is for future reference ... even in the afterlife I am bound to foretelling.

I bow on this quest or question for you: if the universe is the medium is light the message? Combine my equation with an equally famous one by Einstein and maybe you’ll

literally *see* why this is.

*Jumbotron implodes. A lightbulb in the Centre for Culture and Technology Coach*

*House spontaneously combusts. Total dark manifests.*

## INTERMISSION

### Curtain 1

*Man has, as it were, become a kind of prosthetic God.*

–Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and Its Discontents*

*Man is a tool-making animal.*

–Benjamin Franklin, *Life of Johnson*

*Indeed, myth and tool mutually constitute each other.*

–Donna Haraway, “A Cyborg Manifesto”

*A critical history of technology would show how little any of the inventions of the eighteenth century are the work of a single individual. As yet such a book does not exist. Darwin has directed attention to the history of natural technology, i.e. the formation of the organs of plants and animals, which serve as the instruments of production for sustaining their life. Does not the history of the productive organs of man in society, of organs that are the material basis of every particular organization of society, deserve equal attention? And would not such a history be easier to compile, since, as Vico says, human history differs from natural history in that we have made the former, but not the latter? Technology reveals the active relation of man to nature, the direct process of the production of his life, and thereby it also lays bare the process of production of the social relations of his life, and of the mental conceptions that flow from those relations.*

–Karl Marx, *Das Kapital*

*I sing the body electric*

–Walt Whitman, “I Sing the Body Electric”

### Curtain 2

*Roast beef is predictable. Bargains are predictable. Theatre is ALWAYS UNpredictable!*

–Honest Ed Mirvish, *How to build an empire on an orange crate*

*Ring-a-ring o'roses,  
A pocket full of posies,  
A-tishoo! A-tishoo!  
We all fall down.*

–Mother Goose

*Love is minds sharing an orgasm.*

–Lover of Horses

ACT II:  
Lovers on Tidal Waves of History

*The action takes place in the same theatre of the previous act, theatre of our mind's eye when I write that word "theatre." This particular theatre has undergone movie house conversion. We pick up things when another conversion transpires.*

*Actor, actress undress on screen, perform nude predestinate act of love. Audience mesmerized. Blink. Edit. Labial shutter of eyelids, slow-mo anasthetic blind. Assumption of eros body by body in plush seats. Self disseminates.*

*Actress cradles embrace. Headfirst canal out of screen, off of stage. Carnal frame dumps on voyeur pool like water bucket gag hung over door for an unsuspecting fool. Suction cup catch of telesthetic mosh pit hands. Outstretched tentacle arms finger her vertebral succession, cervical atlas to humpy coccyx.*

*Actor plunges out of silvery two-dimensionality completely three-dimensional while flesh of the audience returns this favour and penetrates 1.33:1 Academy aperture of the screen. Monkey plasma spews pixelation where once light was on in projection. Kinesthesia of wave and particle, sperm and ovum ....*

CHORUS: A woman's water breaks. Omen of laborious birth. Flood levels  
Mount. Napoleon floats by pour la France, salutes le monde  
With hand taken in an Al Bundy from shirt to starchy  
Nineteenth-century britches; Josephine, whoever she is,  
Whomever she is with, is Miss not to miss. Hissy, Verlaine.  
Rimbaud stuffs back another angry kisserful of popcorn.  
A gush wets awake poisoned Romeo and Juliette,  
Heads bobbing up tête-à-tête swap a retch discerning  
Tastes reserve for bad breath mornings after one-night stands.  
Veni, vidi, vici: Caesar came, Anthony saw,  
Cleopatra conquered buoying by, sighing for threesomes.  
Dante and Beatrice crest on surfboard, race Frankie Avalon  
And Annette Funacello on wave which came on or off  
Of screen. Petrarch bubbles farts to treading nose on Laura's face.  
Three blind men, Joyce and Milton and Homer, row over  
A walking stick Peter Abelard straddles for an artificial  
Limb or buoyancy. Or would this would-be wood be Byron's  
Famous clubbed foot? Ask Jack and Jill who fetch a pail  
In a relief effort while Sappho, incognito,  
Waves chocolate bar pontoons, girly attention bait, if you can  
Gawk box seats. Abreast, Zeus in reserves with Ganymede,  
Breaststroke water bearer, urn in hand as a waterpolo lap  
On demand of quacking horn, those types with squishy rubber ends  
Exclusive to garage sales or circus clowns. Sideshow Hero  
And Leander dunking for goldfish. Not yet drowned Madonna

Prays for mouth-to-mouth while, in cardinal silk robes,  
Hugh Hefner puffs satisfaction out of an undosable pipe.

*Whether "voice" or "voices" outers what follows it is impossible to decide as well as whom this speech addresses. Say this is manifestation of singular plurality like our controversial letter "I" represents, fossil we hammer insight out of subterranean lava, self-estrangement characters in the drama who are me (who are, simultaneously, not me) spurt forth from.*

On origin of speeches: mother tongue of mother tongue is tongue.  
Lingua language spoken, written  
Pen is penis. Thus logos is linear as phallus is flush.

Reading reading: synaesthesia,  
eye for ear for  
I, ratio rational.

I am, you are  
Reading each other on opposite sides.  
Division. Even split.  
This is what is  
Not.  
Nor mirror.  
Me, you, who's who?  
Us. Uterus. Siamese twins in the womb,  
Kangaroo pouch simulator.

Come meet me  
On other side of the page.  
An invite in.

You your stage,  
A reader/writer  
A writer/reader  
Reads.  
Aural mindscreen halo,  
Image projection to translate  
Word.  
Tongue of flame anoints crown, baptismal fire  
Forks.

Lights! Camera! Fiction!  
Film strip stops. Screen on stage  
As white as blank page noiselessness.

Show over  
Or expanding swallow to galaxy,  
Panoptic wormhole hug of matter.  
Lights clap off  
Like a hand to a fly.  
Live wire nervous systems.  
Collective innervation  
Accrues.  
Serotonin drips from  
Startle.

Immaculate cocaine perception  
As a satellite momentarily loses its  
Signal.  
Omega expansion cosmos imploding,  
Time accelerating in direction relation  
To probability glitches of randomness and chance.  
 $P = \text{God plays dice} \leq 1$ .

Cartesian plane of perception warps into  
Globular non-Euclidean formation:  
Space & Time, X- & Y-axis,  
Return to motional point of origin.  
This point. This coordinate.  
Nearness distillation, analytical alchemy of  
Metamathematical whatness.  
Perpetual climax of present, past & future flux.

Wrist suppinates & body lubes a paperclip slip through page.  
Arrival. Finally.  
We were  
Skulls  
Genetic biogrammar stuffs with cartiledge like pork sausage,  
Socky mammalian intelligensia  
Now as face-to-face as two palms to touch in prayer.  
Anagnorisis.  
Cue.



(singing sing song sung,  
tongue to tongue,  
line of penetration of  
i r  
c c o' mOuth o'clock)  
e l

*Do, ray, me, fa, so*  
Song a virtual particle, a flashbulb moth  
Wickering flickering in & out  
Of Being.  
*La, tee, da*  
Sing along, almost sung  
Dumb dung finale, utter stutter hush hush to  
Voicelessness. Fearful Symmetry.  
Hold a clement hand or your lukewarm pubis  
To show a care, an inability to clap, a habit.  
Go on, nil will know in the dark,  
T-minus phi, pi ...  
A bouncing ball of nostalgic kiddie  
Animation,  
Low-budget Atari graphics  
Privy to antediluvian karaoke tubes  
Will pop up—  
Smiley guest conductor  
Of rendezvous vows  
As if new to lips.  
The words will come  
Find you, hide-and-go-seek  
Page-turner,  
Freest of hand, swinger of hunches  
From branches to brats, urban crawler of  
Fellow bipedal body,  
Follow my graying spot—

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# Dialectic

# @ego

*I teach you the Superman. Man is something that is to be surpassed.*

–Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*

i

I, online, as ass on high heels. Alive, alive. A live terrorist DIO manhunts.

—

Website, ja. The truth. The Parliament Hill bombing annals.

On Tower of Babel throne, on electric chair of www dots, I sit adrift. My island, my  
raft.

—

Screen flickers of welcome. To Zone of Unpluggable Tattling. Hacks relocate, spams  
update. You immaculate porn sites, great teachers of outlaw survival, subterranean hails. A  
patsy dares to type. A dead opossum speaks.

Foreskin, you tug back to solicit, Who am I? Philosophy heads jerk off on identity

politics. Foremost, dear Watson, this dispatch is spyglass magnifying DIO. I am a soundbite, a rumour, a curse. The sweetest static in the audio feed. Under surveillance.

A dashed German accent on screen, Ausländer, winks clue after clue, Sherlock. I, eleven-time Mr. Olympia, have been loads of dreck, cloggs: Playboy Mansion guest, defunct pro wrestler, monster truck rally announcer, star of home fitness equipment infomericals. A name, I duck; tuck drag queen tuck. A name, as much as a necktie, hangs.

Hints. I want to strip with grace. Titillate. Fan networks after all, by instruction, republish my weblog suicide note you read—

A bodybuilder in bad shape

Poses for The Great Escape.

Wonder Woman, help me if you can,

This looks like a job for Superman.

Scrolls, clicks. You Hitler you. The eye, Nazi of the body, scans. Sensory interface of Cyberia, suites of teledildonic suits. Superhero joystick spaz, insert coin, press START. Reboot. Shit it back up to the mouth. Say, Ahh.

---

Auf Wiedersehen Berlin, former captial with a telephone book to double double agent

rosters at that 1961 Cold War superfreeze, city with a safe house on each block restaging  
1920s cabaret:

The CIA pays spies  
To tell them lies,  
Whoppers with fries.

Fräuleins find fond  
One Bond, James Bond.  
What man wants more  
Than pussy galore?

It is ripe in August. The Wall erects, cracks Germany as ass as colon cancer cells of  
the future join me in sending regards, best asbestos cockroach nest of the Federal Republic,  
shady orphanage straddling Wilhemstrasse and Vossstrasse.

Zip, I fly to the fatherland of the zipper. Canada, alias Great White North, subarctic  
Anglo pension sea to ice floe sea, hoser hoedown uncorking birdcalls coo-roo-coocoo-coo-  
roo-coocoo, beer belch on bacon breath in background. Burp.

Key “siberia.ca” search engine globetrotter. Home, wandering Jew, home. Nation  
of adoption on adoption, eh.

On landing at Malton International Airport, later named after a Prime Minister a double-decker bus ran over in an imperial capital, I eye my new papa done up in black, noodle to toe, coarse white cardboard sign hanging on neck with name of yours truly spelt out in golden Magic Marker ink. Bulbous hat in hand in show of respect, gastrointestinal old man Schneider stood there impossibly sideshow tall, knickers, kickers, full nineteen hundreds retroduds to boot. Buttons, all manner of vain plummage, idols cast out in ye olde Amish rectitude. Yahoo reorientation of attention on ... horsepie glued to galoshes, flies, mothball spice highlights in the general musk. I had to suck thumb for comfort.

—Unclog, be a man, boy. I'll cut it off.

He jacks out of a back trouser pocket a pair of scissors, snip snip; reinserts them with tailor or gangsta precision at offer of that wet digit to the free world, other passengers in the terminal hugging their relatives, smouch smouch. I, a squirrel; he, a tree, a gargantuan buttress to the northern lights peepable in between needles.

Dragging trunks unassisted, as apes knuckles, I spy Old Reliable fitted with those same spares. Poor buggy, cabin on tires without hubcaps. Hard seat up front, behind remind of ferris wheel assuage. Peekaboo, too, one quadruped for first time, fifth leg sprinkling concrete laid for cars per usual, schlong as long as Schneider's schnozzola, Frankfurter fatter.

—Kanada mein Junge. Willkommen!

Clutch. He unhands me. Belongings deposit in storage space in back, hinge shut on lightening cracks of oak doors. That old man Schneider can sure spider an anachrid limb span. Dignified gawky by Uncle Sam facial wrinkles 'n' cowboy attitude. Wrists! What thick knots, joints of weightlifters, of arm-wrestlers, or jerkoff specialists double roling in

snuff films with blunt manual hardware.

Vault aboard. His landing, in pleasure, as if Old Reliable had been upholstered soft sofa leather. Before touchdown, Houston, coiled reigns snatch off seat as if someone misplaced one whoopee cushion. Poised to cut air on the back of the animal with those leathers fisted, cockeyed blue peepers flash, whitest whites balls socket oogling stamina, ja ja ja, he to me was one hundred and one with strength eleven times eleven years. Feral brows to add to this assumption, a flyaway a thin thin crab leg in independence. Phantom blank hair too, shoulder-length wisps of silk left hanging in forests where crumbs lost children drop gobble up on contact. Part split right up the middle, lumberjack hack.

—Giddy up.

A jet set course, a double take at trails lining sky, grade ‘A’ Columbian in fleece that passable Muscle Beach romps furnish with seaside pads. Insight out of Californian future golden calves wing, no pain no gain; a climax ahead I file under Mr. Olympia competitions, Herculean heyday. Off topic. On mind, Where did I land? He adopt me, How? He, no proper Hochdeutsch flapper, no. Me, no English speaker, nein. Who! what! where! when! why! How!

—I said, Get on, boy.

Got on, goy. To tumbril to Kitchener, née Berlin, where German can Ümlaut out as if it is central Europe. Vinegar und cabbage in no understock. You can kraut on that. That and flat terrain, drear grassland, which was once swamp.

Yawning careen. Off on the corner of the farmers’ market. Pragmatic rather than an aesthetic erection, brown bricks, tasteless. Other Mennonites within, locals, cold cut



peddlers. American tourists too, under aegis of grocery shopping, armed with cameras, trigger-happy for funny lookin' kind. Got heaps of folk like that up at Penn. State, yessir, same gosh peculiar hats and beards. Hey, honey, take one for the kids.

There, where cured meats pack, respect would garnish. It baffled me. What was on sale was for free for us as well as he, alone, judge in disputes in this no frills zone. Oh, more, much much more. Gifts, handicrafts. Offerings of shopkeepers. There was Schnitzel, a ham who said cheese when he posed for Yanks; Blutwurst, a bloody idiot who made specials look fresh when he sliced himself; Bratwurst, a brat as icy as spicy; Weisswurst, a cow to chow as much as he sold; Otto, a whiz who spelt as fast forwards as backwards when he recited palindromes.

Galloping on, on and up Wellington, north road home. English architecture: bungalow, Tudor, Victorian, cliché after cliché. Occasional brick dens, in an indigenous German vernacular, oldest digs on blocks. Coming to the front gate, white picket fence straddling flanks, I assume Schneider rich on three hectares of lawn and woodland and gardens. A manner about a manor. A log cabin, man; a hardwood shack with floor laid aslant or, vision as crooked as his is, seeming flush. Inside, no carpets, no curtains, no frames nails hang on one single wall. Ash portieres draped in entrances assail winter drafts.

—Promised land, boy.

Pa had dug up roots. House that grandpa Schneider built, sold off on auction. This estate, Woodside, boyhood residence of William Lyon Mackenzie King, grandson of traitor William Lyon Mackenzie. The original Georgian rearer, torn down by my daddy. The ghost of the former PM at that pulls off a bull of a beef. Dad had possession wiped across his kisser

this day:

—I see Parliament. You being in the halls of power, Schick.

King Willie became nickname for our spook, Mackenzie King. Shit, third member of the family practically. Scheiss, Mrs. Schneider was what was taboo to Mr. Schneider. Hers, bedroom I snore out in, stucco green; farthest down hall, his.

Resurrection one Easter morning, Hers? Encounter with what I believed to be a woman in a black ankle-length robe gandering out our kitchen window, pigging out on our prosciuto. A Catholic priest look-alike, white bonnet pinch for white collar, associate Christian with glass in church effulgent as a comic book. I freeze. Es senses eyes, ah ha, pirouette à la Trudeau, Just watch me. Watch face face as ass did. Mama was Papa in drag.

—Old man, I want to be an altar boy.

Prosciuto bats *schlamo*. Hits me, winds me.

—Manners, boy.

Manners. Breakfast etiquette. On an elongated table chancellors I christen Wolfgang can wolf off of, a banana and a bit of cream.

I can snort it in, Kitchener kitchen scents; Tony Montana, Cuban on a line of a Columbian export, not coffee, I can snort it in. Gum brown pit stench of a drawer Pa kept, a quote/unquote ‘medicine cabinet’ fingers cavern in nosepickin’ complusion to concoct laudanum, what ails ya brew. Pungent alkaline pickle aromas, cucumbers of kielbasa girth with juices to lick up. Airborne fructose peppering of apples, sweets to neuter sour pH. Coal burning in cast-iron cook-stove, fuel for the season, snow on the poop outside.

---

DIO behind this crisis I am from very beginning. Pablum, push-up bras, if such pearls came from Canada, can family jewels? Come ballsy Joseph Schneider, real dick, legal guardian of an orphan. Can-do do-gooder, I assume, senior citizen spiel. Out of banal childless widowhood, retired tailor needling. Of a grandfather of a grandson of a German-speaking pioneer, Mennonite refugee from separatist New England; Upper Canada to trek to north, north to cheap land. More clan chronicles according to Pa Schneider .... Marsh, sandhills, brush, sore patriarch forearms wrestle each tillable acre of wilderness. Homesick lips, in forebearer chap, christen settlement of Kitchener, Berlin; World War I rolling through 1916, kaiser buns, liquidates an uncommon commonwealth place name. Pa Joe, I know, knew kinship with séparatiste Québec due to this injustice; I, rewritten as well as a lesson a word counts in 1961, root to fruit:

—Id, he seeds me.

On an antique rocking chair, swinging as a pendulum, old man Schneider sat in relish. The seat, underneath, chiseled “Made-In-Berlin” peepable on an up tip.

—Root-toot-toot.

—Kaka, Papa.

Oomph. Oompah music oomph Walter Ostanek, polka wunderbar, can squeeze out of an accordion on Oktoberfest. Tail of a beaver of a mustache flapping too:

—Yahweh has spoken.

—Yuck! Id!

—Id it is.

Id it was. Last name first. First name last:

—Phay, people shall call.

—No choice, huh?

None. Erase *Schicklgrüber jünger*, Berliner, age 11; pencil in *Phay Id*, legal allein, adolescent. Old I injects new I, metempsychosis psychosis, fresh flesh side effect withdrawn.

—History, big fart joke, boy.

—His ... story. Hiss ...

Maiden hiccup. In Englisch.

---

He tutored me, ja, Papa. Rechristening assertions in the name of the holy writ, tags.  
Coat hangers that oscillate at clearance sales in shopping malls of ego, open 24/7.

In the beginning was Word. And Word, G-d. And G-d, ID.

---

*Phay*, if this scholarship is accurate, spells Hebrew alphabet letter seventeen, a scaffold squiggle dangling a noose, illustrating *Ph* phoneme. Heterodox kabbalah students associate the character with tarot card the Tower, Faustian megalomania to out Our Father being in nothingness; lightening to smite, masons to plummet, fall of the skyscraper of the

I.Q. *Phay*, homonym for *fey* or fatal karma. *Phay*, homonym for *fay* or faith, or fairy, or Negroid slang for Caucasoid, white ass as I, an Aryan mongoloid.

*Id?* As in abbreviation for identification, or infectious disease, or Intelligence Department? As in tail of a donkey of a pin of a suffix, dictate for constellation spurts of meteor shower radiant points, or lower jaw molars of mammalian teeth, or dynasties? As in nuclei in reproduction cells, representation of ancestral or antecedent members of the species? As in instincts in allegiance to ego to buttock against foreign superego agitprop, stealth U-boat of the unconscious Freudian psyche?—

*Id!*

*Id* as in *iddy* as in Jew ...

—Oppress oppressors oppressed titles, old man Schneider enlightened.

—Opprobrium, ja, Papa.

—Schick, you wunderkind you.

Dad had spoken by my old German nickname. His cheeks as wild as his ass in timing.

To co-opt voice,

Immoral choice.

The Great Society decree:

Bar people to set people free.

—You said, Good Germans reassign their children Jewish appellations.

—Great Germans *will* for the generation next for the generation lost.

—Holocaust cost.

—A bargain is a bargain. A deal, a deal.

PC?

Not in my vocabulary.

F U

Goody two-shoe.

—Am I who I am!

—You can question an antique rocking chair seat Yahweh has spoken through?

—The queer name? Which rimes with *gay lid*?

—To others. Not I, Schick.

It thickens. Weiner-maker by hobby my daddy, intestine stuffer of intestine stuffer, oral beef log transplant animal to animal. Consumer of such kosher Amish delicacies? Adam Jahbulon Kadmon, DIO CEO, no shit. Owner since 1937 of North America's eldest discount store, block-long barn-big industrial space of bonanza emporium Candid Id's. The geezer baptizes me to pay respect to a gag, a fictional character gimmick a tasteless business man pawns off. Anabaptist butter up on an influential client who paid cash, reigns strapping on weekends to buggy to Toronto, horse tail fanning us anus, horseless carriage roadrunners beep-beep-beeping till midday to ship deli to one storekeeper, tether stud illegally to banana-bright fire hydrant at that customer lot, handfuls unhung weiner by weiner in keep in back,

free clog room bargains will fill.

Cha-ching!

Your thing?

Money, honey.

Cha-ching!

The status quo,

The phattest ho,

Each bitch

For Richie Rich.

Buy low, sell high.

Pile dat fat dough up ta da sky,

Pile dat fat dough up ta da sky.

I'd scoop up after, spade lugging each stallion heap, Black Forest cake moist.  
Meatball heat jackpot drop, ploop plop poop pop, green plastic garbage bag fed. Do do do-  
do, superduper trooper. Manure man at that assigned parking spot, wherein, I pinch in  
embarrassment.

Pubescence hit on shit collector duties. Equestrian filth spurring. A bray, a spray.

Diarrhea, most molten pile, as nostrils flare wingspans as if pheromones had to be had in the rural air freshener I loath. Palpitant, out and in, in and out, lungs squeezebox. Prick, water balloon rapids pop, goo glues undie crotch. Cock shock. Bioelectric. A surge, a steroid surge. Virgin teeniebopper at thirteen, I. Glands on the throb, popcorn on the bake on the cob,

Hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw!

I am what I am, I smelt what I saw.

Umbrella, fella, hip-hip-hooray:

Hershey squirts, gangway—

---

After that custodial encounter at an infamous one-stop window-shop centre, on-sale lightbulb signs in circus letters with soap bubble iridescence, photon machination in cahoots with sunset –ridin' west home, dawn of a sprout of a wreath, a pubic mane, a ring wedding me to manhood— part art, pinch science, weight training became an obsession. And I throw up luddite morals Amish rear with, rent a bachelor pad just north out of Toronto once of age, near a hippy dominion in Yorkville. And I travel. And I train.

Eat, feed muscle, lift crippling poundages. Faint, barf after squats, if required.

Pain is progress.



---

Descending in Heathrow Airport airspace, I grin. Penetration. On other side of Atlantic. Here, there, Wasps reign. Victorian strain of the animal I share air with, masters of the sun –land subordinated light, unable to set on colonies where their Union Jack flaps. Earthlings desire objects in the sky, primal urge. Natural. Yankee Doodle stuck a feather in a cap, a flag on the moon, three summers ago on the boob tube.

Hairless, I feel nude on board. Less, as fractional a measure as a whisker, equals blinding mutation in champion ego terms, midget beside man gesundheit. Fascist state I gulp down to bag Mr. Olympia tomorrow, grail of big lug crusade. Case and point: church brethren, with my money, laid old man Schneider to rest. Cheque, signed; situation, forgotten. Death ruins concentration.

Hair, epidermal weed in muscleman aesthetics. Protein as obsolete as fucking to breed to intelligent races. On the rip on the trip, marble smooth hide greets British customs:

—Care to declare, sir?

—A gift. Genius.

Weeks ahead of the tournament, follicles off to adapt to shrinkage, bulbs uproot with creams on crowns of fresh connection tissue, dangling pleased clits. Tweezers or razors, girly men cosmetics; scalding wax treatments, ha, lotion for babies; finger and thumb tag teams pincer bunch after bunch, Neanderthal tools, prehensile goons. Hardship, trials, acts in the name of succulent discipline guarantee my supremacy.

The darkest cab, I hail. Golden sign lit up to tilt as if a pinball machine, a banana hung

ripe to solicit ... consumer, come come. Homogenized voodoo wheeling on streets, which serve up petro guzzlers Negroid tit in tint, which muffler past for hire on à la carte menus of traffic. I stuff this meat that is me inside steel at sub-Saharan midnight:

—Where to.

—Innards Inn.

Colder, dirtier than imagined, England. Ash drab. Urban bowels in shameless exposure, noodle-wet roads snaking as if pig intestines. Nobody is healthy in London, nobody can be. The driver, G-d, what rancid teeth, lime green Chicklettes:

—Nice weather, innit?

A Londoner, a weather obsessed chimp. Rain, fog, regular forecasts, news to slit wrists to. The vegetation, lush, no question, shamrock emerald. I whistle ‘Give Ireland Back to the Irish’ by Paul McCartney, cool little tune. Ignition: spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, origin in emotion I recollect in tranquillity being The Beatles breaking up. John Lennon then fighting to obtain permanent residence in America, dear prudence, shitty city this is, rather be beat in New York too, tailing FBI agents A-OK trade off.

The Thames across a bridge. Regeneration. Dr. Who, call me, renegade Time Lord of Gallifrey, Beeb sci-fi alein. The Tardis is Britain: as a time machine posing as a police box, supersized inside, dinky outside, fishy island in the north Atlantic chowder. Watson, I was suspicious. Out of the right-hand side cockpit window manifests Julius Caesar on horseback, head bobbing, soldiers in tow in river throat-deep, native tribes fleeing to herd to opposite bank –bedlam, apparitions to apparitions conjure, ineluctable breeds, mocking escorts of the future: mods, hippies, punks, goths, new romantics, football hooligans, Madchester

scenesters, mutts from Dark Ages bloodlines. The Roman general I ball had led an empire to the outer limits of the world, Neil Armstrong in a toga.

East End, London, where Luftwaffe tenderized. On ex-bomb sites I gawk adhorrent homes gone up, original of the species mushrooming in Canada, impromptu low-cost developments garnishing blocks. Either that architecture will blow or I will, first impression in wrap of an ultimatum.

Ogres I ogle, wades of musclemen dwarfing pink brick and mortar at that Innards Inn backdrop, sporting sides of beef for shoulders, padded out jackets doubling widths doubling Homo sapiens normalis, traditional intimidation props with built-in metal frames which require welder and tailor. Word spread. The wait, complete. The usuper, come. I, recent seizer of amateur Mr. Universe title, poised out of maiden contest Sean C. spanked on trunks for before James Bond fame, with jaws set on manifest destination of hijacking pro title numero uno –bite in, bitte, scrumptious, scrumptious ...

Cabbie pulls in. I open passenger's side door as a sardine can, shocks springing up as a wunderkind shifts mass. Melon-sized depressions cratered in checkered leather seat left behind, firm double 'D' cups. Proud mark. As if 'Iron' Mike Tyson, instead of an ear of an opponent, had had mangling rage out on some punching bag.

One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind, I stand erect: 7'3" inch eclipse on a front curb as a sign tomorrow was won. Blackflies on a pipin' shitpile, maggots on a rottin' pork loin, those meat-eaters flock as if I was some sacred object to grab and grunt and coo about in tongues befitting an international competition. Indian bronze skin, African velcro hair, virgin encounters with non-white races I drink in a-blinkin' ...

—Which ‘roids do you do, G-dzilla? mustached Fu Manchu, Hong Kong King Kong.

I rebutt, machine breakdancing in hip-stiff pre-disco ear, a German jig of a Nazi salute.

Aura supreme in muscle building, another fascist cult of the body. Got it, flaunt it.

Reminder. Get bag in the trunk with 45s, greatest hits collection of the speeches of the Third Reich leader. Hitler, Jesus, people whose names echo as long as orifices speak, obsess me. I came for fame, sock fulls, though another agenda spinning in mind: final solution in psych out arsenal for skinny pretender who poses serious threat, soon-to-be roommate I charm who also helps split an accommodation bill.

Walking as if on stage, I morph, hardening each fiber, and radiate infant heads of muscle, undershirt worn in anticipation under jacket I unsheathe, complement to the ego pulling string in the smile. I unpack on beast of burden, trunk of taxi. Yanking out beneath discs, as a molar, a pièce de résistance of equipment: head straps, idiotically, out of fashion today. Harness for noggin to attach to dumbbell or plate, resistance building pulp for thicker neck.

—Come again, there, Goliath.

—Wanna tip? Park again on a bad angle.

Schwachkopf driver, pub grub bub, fish ‘n’ chips ‘n’ jowls, baste aglow about acned cheeks, battering car in on 45 degrees. I noose those head straps to the back fender, rhino ass-pinching elbow grease in human reigns caged with jockstap cologne, rope tight tight with teeth-clinching drags to haul front and rear axels parallel to the curb, short-hair count determinator I popularize at that original Gold’s Gym parking lot, gung-ho hands slicing up palms on sharper older bumpers in deadlift attempts, gloves forgotten or not gotten since I

pronounce them useless, accessories for chiropractors or concert pianists, a sissy really, powerlifter chalk my endorsement if a grip felt slippery, magic he-man dust to force hands to callus.

—Biggest but not best, lisps pussy hidden in the eye of the crowd.

Teach chatterer lesson: fist front bumper like rib steak, one-hand flip of one-ton pancake. I disembowel those straps off where sweat was stewing, squat and reach for that slim metal as a piece of toilet paper, bullfrog with arm for tongue, when this Portuguese iron-curler horns me in the bellybutton with tea-time pinkie at high noon, offender pedophiles sling in substitution for public bathroom stall encounters. Québécois features, je me souviens, made him Azorean; Atlantic islanders, those others, fishermen whose migration circa 1688 commences to what was to King Louis IV Nouveau France. What coarse jibes Fidel and I swap on this comparative anatomy during my Parliament Hill bombing exile. Ones one plucks out of Angolan guerrilla mouths for Castro, first-hand encounters with them for me –them, sardines stuffing in, kernels popping out at that wholesale priced shop where immigrant bargain hunters gather in Toronto: Candid Id's. Phrenological salutes to being free from Guantanamo shackles post-9/11, fat sausages of Cuban cigar cherries a-blazin'–

Back to this weight-tooling Iberian. To the contact of the contact, I reply:

—De Deus? pontificated in textbook Lisbonian.

—Sim, sim, São Miguel accent as thick as gorilla dick, knock, knock, room 11.

—Knock, knock.

—Come in.

—Ya wanna talk?

Gimme din-din.

—Meat in meat, sweet?

—In the wool of the sheep, Bo-peep.

—Ya choke?

—On coke

Dicking up nose

With rubbers as stocky as pantyhose.

—Knock, knock,

Knock, knock.

Knock, knock,

We're gonna rock.

Enter Nicholas Iscariot Ayin. Pet names, others, I brand on him: 'old Nick,' plain 'Nick,' sometimes 'Nicky,' by habit 'Issy.' Balls. Hot shit, I gambled. Head attorney, Ayin, in DIO. A custodian, G-dfather of sorts, of sports in what insiders call The Company: promoter, king maker, legend creator in the umbra. A meathead could command legions of fans sans one title under belt, if word came he would be named. Since I won Mr. Universe he chased me, offered me an apartment, regular allowance. A supposed leak, a colleague, said he spied stacks of pictures of me a weekend Nick paid him a grand to spend time at his summer villa in the south of Portugal. What this sport is at that time: pushin' stomach lining tears, hemorrhoid ruptures, to pander to connoisseurs with ulterior designs. We were flesh

artists who created showroom dummies of the male condition hustling sugar daddies for finance for see-saw apprenticeships: train and eat, eat and train, two, three, four. Pics, cash crop. Prints in bikini thong: one price if oiled, double if tanned.

If music be the food of love, play on.

If bananas be the fruit, wear the thong.

If beans be the breath, toot the flute—

Shoop, shoop, shoop, do-wah-oop.

Whispers. Baritone, jealous. Hot potato messages in front of the inn Testotosaurs cable on air molecules, decoded in the large-sized fit background via supersonic hearing. Tune in, tune in fangs, on an enamel-glistening bath of microbes, tune in, tune in twin antennae tips, roots spiking up inside to the eye, which traces signals with butterfly fidelity of the seismograph needle ... bites, bits on the fritz, beeps, blips on the screen, oops, operator glitch please itch ding-a-ling dial, dot-dash ding-dong ... shh, listen.

I skip checking in, corridor down right wing as a bat a cave. Baggy lobby in Innards Inn, walls sag as a stomach which, as a mouth, tonsils in separate directions. Claustrophobia, dread, grope me. I feel I am food in anticipation of the wheat-from-chaff miracle of the intestine. I rap, in prearranged signal, on room 11 at the end of the hall: six times, three times.

—Open, dear dear.

Issy and I inhabit same quarters for first time, have-not versus have-yacht behind a

standard oak desk behind a neatly-made bed. On right, bench and barbell, 500 pounds of oppression on a skinny bar bent as if a rainbow by open doorway to the bathroom beside king-sized mattress. On left, mirrored two-door sliding closet and a night table far behind with a telephone and a half-eaten room service plate.

Nicky, fraternal twin for Dr. Who number three, practioner of Venusian aikido, both dandies with shirts with front frills and French lace, both sporting mullets o' buckwheat poodled in curls, cufflink pair scoring on new sensibilites coloured tellies inflamed upon couch potatoes preparing for Duran Duran music videos predating Live Aid, crayon mightier than sword. The Vandyke bread, cunning. Vigors only intimacy with realms of beauty consummates, offset by horn-rimmed glasses hued in inflammation an anteater's proboscis held up. Ayin in scarlet velvet bathrobes that day, knot at loose, legs sprawling across a chair in anticipation, body double for an unwelcome guest at that annual Playboy Mansion pj party in mid-summer. Old Nick 37 then, leftover fromage from swinging '60s London, airs of Louis XVI with a chocolate mole of a Marie Antoinette, a toothpick bulging petite muscles in hunks as cute as accessories come for 5'6", eyeballs in the pluckable sweetspot to string to stuff straight in the navel.

—Come, sit.

I came, sat on three-legged stool in front of the bureau. Matching set waterlogged with bling-bling sparkle of the chestnut finish.

—Talk.

—On behalf of Adam Kadmon ...

—Proof.



Right-hand side drawer opens, sprung trap. Nick grabs for something. My drool chins, liquid applauds for thriller while memories of Kitchener cookie jar kitchen surprises paste out of brain hemispheres, retention noodled deep in the cerebral cortex.

Ploop. Plastic, excrement of oil, lands on the tabletop surface. White no-name elephantine bag that cashiers hand shoppers at Candid Id's. Out Masonic apron guts, hung before me as if dead game.

—Terms, Engländer.

—Conditional.

Palms talon in the bag. Contract, pen, out in left hand. In right hand, needle with a liquid with a raw sewage pigment, held as if dog biscuit; urethra beads of the fluid spurt in one jackrabbit arch, land on shag rug, toddler pee to Nick to smirk at that.

—I shoot Primobolin, no thanks.

—Domestic draft. I offer champagne. Go on, drop them and bend, hands on the bed.

—I will win.

—You will with help.

—I need no help.

—What if Schwartz enters?

Heard this crap on this Schwartz guy constantly. Hip gossip on some Austrian immigrant from Northern Ireland. *Lex this, Lex that*, emphasis on being on first name basis with this bastard, Mr. Flex *himself* as regular as constipation to show at show, No Photo Joe in muscle mags due to multi-picture contract with big time studio, hush-hush control freaks of their *matinée* idol grooming. Blah, blah, bull. Alibi fluff stuffing a cream puff, alotta lard

in ads that buff, classic Charles Atlas shit squeezed in on comic book pages to flag pimplebound squirts.

—People who talk about toothfairies lose teeth, I bit in.

Shell and all, I flick an egg (hard on boil) in my mouth like popcorn, off of room service plate on night table, jetting on a jawbreaker of a crunch. Negotiations, round one, done.

I pass pool on my way back. Competition there, beats of butts facing up to the rays, Californian rosary, with sips of water between their worship. Tanning surfaces veins, scorch to assist definition to shine through. The bronzer the better: motto which was Greek to me then when I made my habitat in those northern snowfields which ate up into that fat Arctic circle. I had to head back ahead of schedule, packing cans of artificial tan not enough of an edge. I came to be a dominator, a breed apart. What if, in the auditorium, I had to pose against white backgrounds? I would disappear in pale albino splendour.

No one would use light against me. The juice it was, ambrosia of bodybuilders. The needle could cost me months of rehab, increased facial hair, sebaceous secretions, swell a prostate to the size of a Yukon potato as well as cause muscle cramps, spasms, aggression, headaches, nose bleeds, dizziness, skin rash, local reactions at injection site, sore nipples, gynecomastia, aberrant thyroid function, gastrointestinal disorders (loss of appetite, burning of the tongue, gagging, vomit, diarrhea, constipation, intestinal irritation, bloated feeling). No matter. I would eat a kilo of shit to grow a centimeter if a millimeter was what it took to vanquish.

—Tell me more about The Miracle Solution, I demand on reopening door without

knocking.

—You'll gain an inch in the flex.

Nick, in same position, as if waiting. I assumed there were larger worries then:

—It stimulates glycogen retention?

—It works. The contest will last hours tomorrow. The pump will play king maker.

Win and come to California, train hard. We'll pay for, say, a salary, a car, as well as room and board.

—America, eh.

Abracadabra. I had to conquer and control in a den of lions. I had to build a castle where kingdoms mattered. Be a cowboy, a stud riding a stud in the land of opportunity, independence, freedom, where I could war to make muscle make money to make money make money in peace. I had an empire to build, one as monstrous as my body, bigger than DIO. There, I could be President, job I had been running for in the privacy my dreams ever since I can remember sleeping. I had to learn from American bodybuilders and beat them at their game, eat them up with their own supermarket edibles. Nutrition, drugs, American bodybuilders were best in the business in the scientific realms. There had to be reasons. The cream of the cream were living in Santa Monica. DIO be damned, if I survived old man Schneider, what was one corporation?

—Agree. Where do I sign?

—Agree to first write training booklets for certain magazines, allow ghost written articles made up of training secrets, yours or ours? Agree we will, in return, promote you as an international American, as opposed to Canadian, bodybuilding star? Agree to lend name,

face, and physique to any ads or public appearances desired?

—Ja ja ja.

More treasure in Candid Id's shopping bag c/o Nick who hands me files:

—Here, loo reading material. Profiles on each judge. Who prefers size. Who will score more for definition.

—Price.

—This suppository, my hand, that arse of yours.

Water retention can kill definition. Embargo fluid intake, avoid sodium, gorge on potassium all you dare, subcutaneous  $H_2O$  can still become problematic. A diuretic a traditional solution. You had to risk dehydration sometimes to get superhard, Über-defined.

—Hand you eat with, not wipe, I set for ground rule numero uno.

—Done.

—You may, gently, position with thumb and index BUT it is to be smoothly led in with the pinky.

—I went to Oxford, please.

—The tip is not to touch my donut hole. The last precious few millimeters will be left to the gravity of the inner grip.

—Hemorrhoids?

—I have reasons.

He was as obedient as a puppy, courteous enough to pass a few extra tips my way to take tension out of the situation:

—Check how those lights are set up. There are areas on stage with strong light and

others where light is weaker.

—Ja ja ja.

That night I sleep in the basement, at least attempt to, hanging by gravity boots from plumbing, one bazooka-thick main waterpipe. Reason: lose each last drop of water possible in rubber suit, including frequent breaks for shits, while counteracting gravity heavy loads of bodybuilding hardly help, fight that spine compression and pull on internal organs which causes people to shrink an inch or three by retirement. I had to be as perfect as possible tomorrow and tried to visualize my spine stretching from an inferior curve of an 'S' into a more upright 'I.'

Not one wink. Good. You burn less calories asleep. I kept opening cans of albacore tuna, speeding and speeding up metabolism with snacks each couple of hours, can opener on top of the stack of what were to me upside down tin cans. To pass time I read my training diary: explorers use maps, sea captains rely on charts, astronauts navigate by the stars, and bodybuilders keep track of where they are and where they are going by keeping a training diary. I used to track everything in the beginning: routines, sets and reps, diet, measurements.

Eggs, potatoes, cottage cheese, orange juice, I would eat breakfast and shoot The Miracle Solution back at my room, stretch, hit a few weak points: pecs, calves, careful not to pump my thighs in fear it might destroy definition, leave me literally overripe.

I had only gone briefly into my room to drop off my bags. Once there vanilla butcher's coat to unsheathe out of suitcase, backstage pump up get-up. Work clothes, proof of how I sweat on the job: blood smears in preservation to the flake in plastic wrap where crumbs of clots flour off as if thin-crust pizza vegetarian nightmares slice. Dun posing trunks

on underneath, high-cut flasher's surprise, skin-tight protest against a breeze an inch south of the obliques (higher, I seem fat). I hop in shower, squeeze blackheads, blow-dry hair into a pompadour worthy of a rooster—I had longer hair then, big mistake to let fashion trends get to me since it is no secret shorter hair made you appear more massive, which was why I tend to prefer '80s-era pictures of myself when I adopt a more macho brush cut worthy of a soldier, ja ja ja, it is with some headshaking I recall those Black bodybuilders with their Afros who would dwarf good builds by bustin' those honey combs rivaling a Pope's mitre. Inspection for a little toe jam next since I posed barefoot and gave myself a manicure, dry skin shredded like mozzarella for a smoothness worthy of my Achilles' heel. Final confidence booster: I shave my pubic mane, treasure line that begins at bellybutton and heads south to the frontiers of the sphincter, hairs I could not bear to rip, careful bit by bit cut until my genitals felt liberated being as smooth as velvet.

Time. I lower my trunks to my ankles to shoot myself in the rear with The Miracle Solution. I had shaved my behind before I boarded the plane and took a minute or two to feel myself off, marble smooth as the scrotum of a little boy. Back and forth, back and forth, taking time to massage my skin as if it was necessary to ready me for needle. Then I knew I was an ultimate statue and great artist to boot with an ass softer than the cotton ball, moist with rubbing alcohol, cupped over injection site. Last: I decide to carry an extra powder blue and flaming red pair, switcheroo changes since I perspire buckets. I had dotted each "i."

In the hall each door hinged jaw-dropping open, egg-based protein powder musk hung as if garlic in the entrances. Management had stuck us bodybuilders all on the first floor with Nicky. In adjoining rooms, pills on pillows, Tan-in-a-Minute on sheets and towels while men

painted each other bronze. Wait, Phay, they say, they want to cruise to Mr. Olympia in the same vehicle though no rig, dig, did special runs. Camaraderie twilight in the sport, then and there, richer prizes on the horizon placing such warm vibes on an endangered species list.

Backstage in the auditorium B.O. pickled air, crotch and pit aromas off undergarments, true locker room dungeon essence, concrete walling us in as stiff as lacquered perms hedging before me that made me feel as if I was in Kew Gardens as I was carbing-up with a slice of pizza. An Italian was palming olive oil to lube up, Pam spray choice ointment for an American, clever vets who knew those intense lights on stage flatten builds out. Old Nick enters on cue to oil me up, Candid Id's bag with tricks and treats in hand, promised press in tow of photographers and camera men, flash after flash gushing on me, jealousy rising like mercury in a sauna for those lesser men who must have felt like chopped liver.

Goose bumps prickle to surface, alien feel of nail polish brush coating baby oil on my spinal erectors, which Nick wields as a pygmy colonoscope with strokes deliberate and solemn like constitutional law. I surrendered to those fine tinsy hairs as if gables that punctuate declarations: I forgot who I was, he forgot who he was, we were us, each other's masterpiece. I step out in front of the lone mirror backstage: he left me glistening like buttered toast. No time to admire, though, I had to concentrate for two upcoming rounds of two phases.

Round one, phase one. At dawn we stood in a line, hands at our sides, facing forward, then to the back, then to both sides, as if an army of the new breed waiting for the meat hook or an interrogation. Instead, judges, men who looked like they belonged in clinics, scribbling on papers. In spite of this posing being called "standing relaxed," good competitors

are constantly tensing as if this was one long bout of constipation despite keeping faces relaxed as if this effortlessness is key, mouth on permasmile like a beauty queen, tensing and flexing from neck down to project confidence. Any minute detail could tip scales: grooming, skin tone, tan, trunk fit, each weakness exposed, strengths highlighted. Secret: I kept knees slightly bend to help flare out thighs.

Round one, phase two. At midday you go through mandatory poses designed to show the judges their specific strengths and weaknesses: front double biceps, front lat spread, side chest, back double biceps, rear lat spread, side triceps, hands over head abdominals and thighs. I began to cramp, which only made me smile more.

—Hams, said a fat-head of a judge calling out a body part.

Round two, phase one. Freeposing session. Here, with twisting, kneeling, appendixes to the classic poses, you show judges your physique your way. It is late in the afternoon and for the first time since arriving I notice that Azorean who had sent me to knock on Issy's door. His glutes were huge and protruded like bullets on trunks cut almost as a thong to emphasis that part of the carcass. And, if that was not enough, he adds a lunge in his posing routine when possible, which made me want to vomit.

I finally came on stage. Mindless herds began spewing their superhuman titles at me: monster, animal, beast. Working-class Cockney got me goin', grinnin', winnin'. The mob was mad. With bad breath, panting:

—Phay! Phay!

I ape being deaf, decibels squirting in that fat auditorium, which coarse through me. A fantastic pump. Third leg, largest muscle, soufflé bloated. Thick fingered exclamation



pointing head-on to triumph. Lips curl a smile of satisfaction, a flash of pearls sweet meats frame, a combo of arrogance and narcissism polite people call charisma. I allow one precious tinkle of fulfillment, bulging victorious, supreme matador. I had aficionados on the right side. Pose, applause; pose, applause; ping-pong matches of attention. Time slimming. Focus on the spotlight, Phay.

I left the podium. More hands. Encore, encore. At 22 that was as meaningful as life had been, minutes of performance made years of preparation worthwhile. I begin to walk different backstage once off, whole barefoot hoofing floor, working Achilles tendon to unsheathe calf muscles to the cuts of diamonds they were that studded my shins while I offer advice, my build like a seal of approval.

Round two, phase two. Final pose-off on stage for top six. Being Franklin, Yank, who took wing furthest west; Winston, Brit, who stood beside Franklin; Charles, French, who stood beside Winston; me, who stood beside Charles, other three seeming to be allied against sweet sweet Phay though I nonetheless stood up right beside them in the middle of the stage as if there was no competition; then Benito, Italian, who stood just south of me, a friend; last, Joseph, a Russian who defected and lived in Australia, obviously a double-crosser. Tactics all-important: elbowing, countering one part for another. No one wants to be first to hit a shot. I pretend I am about to hit a pose, make an upward move with arms in unison.

The theatre held thousands. A sizeable count in those days. I hit it, my first pose, and people screamed. There it was again, that warm rush I experienced at Mr. Universe. I grew, accordion in an Oktoberfest beer garden, muscles popping out spontaneous as if hives. I model flattering choreographed position two: Front Double Biceps. Classic pose. Perhaps

lethal. Gotta big gun, gotta shoot it. I measure 19 inches, hanging, in the arms. Balloon two more in the blood rush of the flex, three with The Miracle Solution in the system. Record 22 inch arms, baby, made public. Sight unseen at that historic date in Europe with thighs contracting fibers with sinister tugs, butt in tuck position to punctuate flared lats. I supinate wrists to jack up bicep peak to the max in an extra effort. To top dish with cherries, I push elbows forward to unleash double-barreled guns of the pecs, abs tight sashimi morsels while sucking in this stomach vacuum to show off serratus in best light for my body type. Brave pose. It emphasizes weaknesses. To end I place one wicked kiss on each bicep peak.

Whistles, hollers, catcalls, screams. More repetitions, less weight, created that kind of effect. Nonetheless I had been holding back one crucial inch consummate cruel lovers own in the act, best still left for last. Bang, boom, chutzpah, I hit it, that spectacular Most Muscular Pose at close: I am an anatomy chart made flesh, an atlas of mountain ranges on meat. Gap of tooth, square of jaw, I tower as a sun on a pedestal of a planet.

1972, ah-ha, historians of neither I nor Nixon omit that illustrious June 17<sup>th</sup> date: male suspects caught in the act attempting to bug Democratic National Committee offices at Watergate, I conqueror first Mr. Olympia. Pumping was as good as humping. At the gym, I came. At the home, I came. At the competition, masked leader in an orgy. I, in paradise on earth, day after day after day.

## Summary

*Phay continues to dominate bodybuilding until an encounter with previously spoken of character Lex Schwartz, virtual twin, at that original Gold's Gym in Santa Monica circa 1977. Their rivalry continues when both men take up Hollywood action hero careers, roughly equal to Schwarzenegger/Stallone dynamic in 1980s, care of DIO despite fact Phay abandons former mentor Nick. With fall of the Berlin Wall, however, Phay loses box office drawing power for some reason and in 1990s turns to informercials as well as organ trafficking before returning north of the border to Ottawa to spy and lobby for DIO where he reencounters Nick at a Masonic lodge, a naturalized citizen and member of the Supreme Court of Canada.*

*The true loss of fortune for Phay, though, occurs April 13<sup>th</sup> of 2001 when Phay uses DIO connections to assassinate Schwartz on set in Toronto by car bombing. The rest of the story takes place this year with implementation of Operation Fox, phony terrorist plot to bomb Parliament Hill, which DIO puts Phay in charge of through Nick to frame this anti-hero who is now more nuisance than asset to The Company since killing A-list agent Lex.*

*Episode 'iii' occurs on June 24<sup>th</sup> where we pick up an exert of the action at that famous discount store Candid Id's. Phay is there with godson Ish (late teens, early twenties), Quebecker with separatist leanings, to recruit said person for Operation Fox on Nick's orders. Final footnote: if spelling of "G-d" with a dash baffles know I follow a spelling scheme from The Kabbalah. DIO, after all, means "God" in Italian for beginners.*

—The first housebroken Europeans to come to Canada were Portuguese, Ish.

—Tu parles.

—I speak, ja, I reiterate. The first tame Europeans who shit it south, north of the 49<sup>th</sup> parallel, Portuguese.

—Proof, you Viking you.

—*Labrador* bastardized from Portuguese *lavrador* “small landowner or farmer.” Your home on native land, same, burp out of cockscrewing in Lusitanian.

—Québec?

—Non, Canada.

—Canada, parrain, originates from Iroquois word *kanata*.

—Canada, filleul, mutates from Portuguese phrase *ca nada*.

—Qu’est que ça signifie?

—Nothingness.

—Néant.

—I should tell this tale.

—?

—Looks like ya gotta question mark on your face.

—You’re talkin’ out of your ass.

—Smelt it, dealt it. You lose faith. Nil nulls definition defined undefined.

—You should tell this tale.

—Once Portuguese fishing boats, water closets to men who boast a rooster for a national bird, dared what was unknown in cocking due west of the Azores days and nights and days, eye to starry sky. Vomit libations from motion sickness, knee calcification from deck scrubbing, Atlantic rites of passage in the logless pre-Gutenberg era when wind power blew seamen to Labrador, gooseflesh ocean to gulf stream lukewarm as a wet finger in the ear, sauna of a fog clime. *Sim, irmãos, em fim chegamos!*

—Phay, did you just speak ...

—Happens. You understood?

—Happens.

—This weave of air ...

—Fog.

—Fog, frog, soupçon this is that secret fishing spot sung to at tabernas, cups spilling in its honour for generations on terra firma Lisboa. Young wine out of whiskey-cured oak casks! Spouts to tonsils!

—Old wine better, non?

—Nein. Desire breeds delicacies out of necessities. True thirst led a head to guzzle sea water, a mad foam to ferment on this trip. After miracles with loaves of fish. To dip net and pick up owners of thick forearms whistle for assistance of other pairs. Halibut, flounder, herring, gill-bubblers of each tail-swish. Alms. Praise to waters where air, as a Muslim wife, veils. Good, keep a pearl immaculate, keep a promise in its barnacled shell. One accretion.

Temptation. To tongue a place a name, ultimate consumation on offer in the lipping cosmos: palavra sagrada *Ca Nada* from phrase *ca nada* “nothing here.” Can *nothing* be *here*? There was safe harbour in words. Gorgeous joke: throngs of catch for the market, choice parts of cod in the belly from whose holes noise this cornucopia is lean. Laughtears salt out of hearts which grieve, darks which light. In the beginning was The Wound: *Ca Nada* sadly snowy like Iceland, alein land to skin dried near Mediterranean sands, no place for passionate blood. More northern European breeds can be left to empire building here with rejects rejects of other righteous nations shall hold chattering company, arrogant immigrants whose confidence tourists warm to in winter while Iberian peninsula homunculi of the hairier persuasion of the forgotten past sing New World songs homeward for spice in pork and cheese meals, verses troubadours export with flutes and lutes where strings seem pluckable from tails on idle hindquarters older workhorses hip, soundwave baths to wash to Italian shores where Cabot and Columbus nurse on Mama, whines like roars of liners casting in the so-called “Grand Banks,” them Japs, them Ruskies, who refuse to see fog like weaves or veils for miracles with loaves of fish.

Can ya cha-cha?

Fa-la-la-la-la-dee-da comme ça?

Well, Ooo la la,

Let me blah blah blah blah blah blah.

Por-cha-cha-guese

Sail pickled seas.

Come to Canada, leave with leaves.

Latins accustomed to morning matins

Woke to the squawk of geese.

Shoulda gone in that other direction ta Nice.

Por-cha-cha-guese

Bagging disease.

Scurvy, worry.

Without hygiene, gangrene.

Can ya buy this,

Elephantiasis *testifiable* crisis?

“Let’s go,” carps sea dog Joe.

“Blow this kaka *Ca Nada*, amigo.

“The catch is in the haul,

“I seen it all:

“Been bored, been whored,

“Been G-d-knows-what, O Lord.

“I take death in the squall

“Before I die on a snowball.”

And so, agreeing with these pleas,  
Off in search of discoverable colonies  
To crusade to contract disease—  
Por-cha-cha-guese.

—The point, tabernack.

—Quoi, Québécois? The moral, Ish? Regard: throngs of customers, mustached men  
and women in the immigration office under glorious panel lights gone beige with age.

—They're all ...

— ... cha-cha, say it.

—It smells like sardines now for some reason.

—Patience, Ish, this is half of Candid Id's. More profound enigmas await fishers of  
men on the other side.



## Summary

*Episode 'iv' occurs at Phay's Ottawa residence in the suburb of Rockcliffe where digging for Operation Fox begins on July 1<sup>st</sup>. Episode 'v' occurs in expanding tunnel to Parliament Hill for bombing plot where parallels to The Gunpowder Plot, Diefenbunker, and CATHETER CIA operation in Berlin become apparent on July 4<sup>th</sup>. Episode 'vi' occurs on 9/11 when Phay witnesses, from New York skyscraper of billionaire acquaintance Ronald Rump, crashing of the planes into The Twin Towers and experiences serious jitters about Operation Fox. Episode 'vii' occurs on October 13<sup>th</sup> when it is obvious Phay has been set up with Operation Fox, bombing of Parliament Hill gone wrong in manner reminiscent of the infamous Paul Joseph Chartier attempt on the Legislature circa 1966. Episode 'viii' occurs on October 31<sup>st</sup> when Phay, fresh from exile, returns in disguise to kidnap Nick. Episode 'xi' occurs on November 11<sup>th</sup> during a trip across Canada on foot Phay and Nick undertake through wild terrain for our kidnapper to evade capture. Episode 'xi' occurs on December 21<sup>st</sup> when Phay experiences a metamorphosis in the Arctic due to a change transpiring in episode 'x' where we pick up this story with Phay and Nick on the more northern end of their trek. Final footnote: there are specific historical parallels I am playing with on each day. This next episode, for example, is on same date of Oswald's assassination as well as Darwin's publication of Origin of Species.*

November 24<sup>th</sup>, 2001

Inhabiting metal-on-wheels, gorilla suits keepers feed gas, *Homo canadensis* senses as if with ESP of insect antennae an hour or more out of heartland constitutes hinterland. Accurate forecast due north-north-west of Québécois population belts where mad boreal forest breaks down trespassers, lick quick, proboscis to posterior. Notwithstanding clause: if men of pioneer ambition explore newfangled road maps, jaw dropping afflicts such rare breed on unearthing routes deepest in Canada often throat up territories and provinces by half. North true true north, undiscovered paleness from whose monochromatics no traveller returns flush, paws in the beacon of the aurora borealis at those shrinking latitudes that condense oceans and glaciers and solitudes, helicopter terrain Nick and I tame on foot after Whitehorse.

—This is beautiful, Nick.

—Pay back?

—Great economists spend intellectual capital on accounts of bioenergy. The social organism colonizes human juice, deposits and withdraws, body by body. Be specific.

—I stay out another night, wind chill will butt in on ... what is this again?

—The wisdom of the fool and the folly of the wise.

—Since we're somewhat reasonable, if luggage of ideal dimensions pops up on sale

...

—Mmm, waste of closet space.

—Duct tape muzzle, on or off indoors?

—Truly, madly, deeply, I relish you.

—Kill me.

—You want to die?

—Been known to get cold in the sub-Arctic.

—There are other methods of pain relief.

—Make it quick.

—What appetite!

—Be merciful. Catch me off guard.

—Impossible.

—In foetal position sleeping, pillow on face, silencer aimed for forehead's bull's eye?

—Impossible.

—Possible to be in the Yukon on a nuts trek across a continent, handicapped, snow-blind, near death, frostbitten to snot hues, and a hostage of a terrorist I am unable to get to murder me?

—Possible.

End of chit-chat. One hand grapples dirty matted hair like trusty climber's line, other in a hook basketball player's swing on a dunk to force-feed lime to him, generous stuffing of ration to squealing pork in bun of an army surplus backpack I sport, spit only spit can rebut.

Off on trails where greed took males with their front tails to seek gold at the turn of that other century. Hiccups of identical meadow and alpine forest, of glacial lake and tundra panhandler handled with pan in hand. Nunataks, small outcrops of rock, poke through

icefields with moss and lichen and lilliputian plants, trimmings rodents feast on, decorations on natural stone plates for an odd dead bird weather or predator serves up. The Yukon, fuck fuck fuck, woodchuck, chunks of ice as Herculean as monster trunks, glacial silt and mud and nights with threatening noise which plumes tu-whit!—tu-who! tu-whit!—tu-who! out where floes shift, day whipping by with the chariot of the sun as if a pea in a slingshot.

Got into Dawson. Could still make out chatter of roasts months past in the spring when that slit split, first ice crack; further back to last winter when bets and boasts were made, more precious than indoor heating, on said miracle; further and further back to late goldrushing '90s of the nineteenth, film in an original nitro Technicolor print, single burst of honey unspooling deluxe hotels, plush river steamers newlyweds populate, streams packing restaurants, general stores to satisfy any vanity or itch for pizzaz ...

—Dawson City, Nicky, Paris of the North.

—Pah! Caribou roam streets, hicks shacking up in RVs.

—You'll miss this dump more than me.

—Miss an idiot tooting bagpipes for nickels and dimes? Outcasts dressed in Druid rags?

—You begin to understand.

—Understand *what*?

—Where we belong.

Stand as short as Herve Villechaize playing Nick Nack in *The Man With The Golden Gun* or, for couch potato who vegs to reruns, Tattoo on *Fantasy Island*. I, wrathful Khan, Ricardo Montalban playing Mr. Roarke, a production on a continent set, floating pad where

toads croak goads at lizards that reenact hostile Mesozoic takeover on our planet of the apes  
—scene of tomorrow seen daydreaming in an outpost town, summertime white nights capital  
on permafrost penile inches under foot under floor feet felt, curling curling caterpillar  
thermostats of those toes, drafts winter summons as if frankincense through an altar built of  
planks sitting atop gravel foundation ... hosanna in the highest!

Vacant RV I pass on the outskirts, I hijack. More rations for third leg of tour, as well  
as superior snowshoes, bonus duffle bag of climbing gear, last concessions to technologies.  
The migration traced along Dempster Highway, Arctic Ocean adding chill, painful marrow  
constriction in an arthritis harbinger near gravel road and mountains and rivers. I imagine a  
dogsled in weak moments, a team of Siberian huskies on whose backs one coarse whip cracks  
with furor, barks rising with heat from cord-wide wounds, one man at least good enough to  
act Roman soldier to the subhuman.

Voices, what enlightenment, grin on grind as if millstones on fresh harvest. The sun,  
that fat ball in the sky, beginning to speak to me for once since I stood atop Toronto's CN  
Tower in the summer? I receive this question and standstill. On an invisible line cognoscenti  
mark NO MAN'S LAND on papers, limits of human dwelling straddling Yukon and  
Northwest Territories to the west. I hoick Nick off and plant him in snowdrift to chew fat,  
schmooze face-to-face, while I embroil on what culls us from animals out there in vanilla  
pearls of wild.

—We share *beefs*.

—Just as just as kangaroo court. Honourable, thanks.

—I cut out middlemen, buy straight from butchers.

—Insanity.

—Pure cure, Nicky, for your sanity.

I mallet gabled fist face-first on offender, cartilage accepting this strong-arm tactic as a sledgehammer a pumpkin. Court in order, I ask this witness:

—On whose word did Operation Fox leak?

—Deep Throat, he spoke breathing in through chattering teeth antifreeze green, splendid adaptation, nose a corkscrew of a mess inhibiting respiration.

—DIO in need of a man who did in a president to do in someone as popular as me?

—A ribbing.

A heart-felt plea on a slip-of-the-tongue. I sense freezer burn witnessing tears chill to ice on slopes of cheeks. It is scintillating, his moment his:

—I made *you*.

—You mean, *I owe you*.

—You're as ungrateful as you're nuts.

—I eat, therefore, I dement. Pesticides, genetic modifications, E coli escaping into food chains and onto plates while insects were purer sources of protein. Dare I go cold turkey, turkey?

—Gobble, gobble.

—Gobble you, Wasp.

—Bad pun.

—The Word too.

—The Word too?

—G-d before creation.

—Which word was The Word?

—A letter.

—Which letter?

—A name.

—Which name?

—Of one being none.

—As in ...

—Original of the species.

—As in ...

—A shape, a line.

—Spit it, man.

—I.

—I see.

—Your turn, turncoat.

—The joke is dead, Phay.

—The joke is death, Nick.

—True.

—Truth. The skinny on Deep Throat. A skin-flick reference as much as a clue to the suspect, I suspect.

—A cocksucker? Half of the male population in The White House!

—Power is THE ultimate aphrodisiac.

—Kissinger!

—That fat German kisser, ja. Consider: Woodward and Bernstein, actual reporters investigating leads, edible links in food chain, wedding cake icing. One characteristic of the insider source honed on, whether in phone booth or parking lot rendezvous, boils down to speech. Voice signifies person to pen and ear and note-making pad. I hear a pun, a tip and a red herring. Earmark Henry A. K. (a.k.a. D.C.'s most eligible ladies' man (a.k.a. man whose baritone monotone communicates out of the depths of the foodpipe)).

—I half belief half.

—Mr. Open Wide, I assume, has been working in DIO as long as we. Watergate scandal, christening, as much as Mr. Olympia was to you and yours truly at that historic coupling. What is this company? A legal fiction? A typical multi-national acting as a psychopath a citizen of upstanding merit heads? Can a man of reason understand a mind of madness?

—You said a mouthful.

—Schnozzolaful. Bewilderment IDs one agent to another in this field, buggers nasal passages a mile away.

—And this is on Henry's kisser?

—And this is on Henry's kisser.

—The rat, ass, has to be an insider.

—Nice. Deep Throat, though, debriefs Deeper Throat.

—Who?

—*Et tu, Brute?*



—I am innocent!

—On Adam's orders or someone else's. *You*.

—*Me?* You are an embarrassment, an irreproachable bastard, bad for business, useful for little more than name recognition, and it is me? You kill Schwartz, spectacular agent, out of petty jealousy, and it is me?

—The truth. Pathetic. Guilt resides outside of prison cells as wasteful as innocence within. For optical illusions as grand as order or right or wrong, fear is G-d. If someone craps their pants, jackpots plop, Joe Blow satisfied enough to collect. The big question is this, Who am I? Am I supreme fruit of Nazi eugenics programs DIO resumed on Allied connections?

—Go on, kill me, be alone. I can't top that spiel, Spielberg. With or without faithful Fräulein Braun in the bunker, under the table, sucking off Dr. Open Wide opening wider milking Adolf's Austrian schnitzel for your dada samples. This bastard shit is piss off of that bowl-shaped Neanderthal skull.

—I plead guilt.

Adjournment. The judgement: hike. West to the Mackenzie Mountains, at that Mackenzie River cross up on those infamous Franklin Mountains, resting in this bissection of the Arctic Circle. Mr. Homemaker on arrival, as upright as Martha Stewart for cable camera glares, carving out an igloo with uncut fingernails, Issy behind me, newborn on initial block cut. The significance of where we were lost to neither Nick nor I:

—I said I knew.

—Discoverer of the Northwest Passage, charter of the Arctic seaboard on our home

on Native land. Your fellow English man, Nick ...

— ... Sir John Franklin, namesake of these g-ddamn mountains, yes.

—Good primate. Explorers tried and died in the quest for this fabled trade route to the Far East for, what, centuries?

—I'm sick of snow! Please, tell me one of those half made-up stories about Fidel Castro and sunny Cuba.

—The light is this tale. In 1845 John Franklin sets out to sail and, not uncommon, fails to send back word. Years later, after countless search expeditions, those vessels are found in ice on King William Island. According to understandable scrawls in the log, come 1847 Captain Franklin dies on ship when command falls to Francis Crozier who orders abandonment of the wrecks with an hundred-odd survivors, hiking south to Back River where ... well, all perish, fair share at close range on Victory Point.

—Usual suspects, I gather: frost, hunger.

—Hunger, that toothsome sauce? Nein, among skeletons found there was sharp evidence of ...

—You're smiling funny ...

—Yummy.

We French kiss. Tongues, slugs in the shells of skulls. I jaw into a mouth-on-mouth bite, a bite into bites, rips of lips off. I chew, gnaw raw, glup flesh made food, twin copulating worms we speak with, blood and phlegm oozing in cornucopias found spurting out of plastic condiment bottles at sporting arenas, memories of tournaments and intimidation techniques with predatorial gawks, steaks barbequed rarer and rarer, an erection Nick

triggered unchanged and unconscious –wolfing down on offending diaper, my beef patty substitute in the forest, pastes whose tastes enrich this IOU via summonable spices, mucin avalanches to cater to chefs and vets and behavioural scientists. I go blind, dumb, numb as if mummified with plastic wrap, scent went as if pits growl to sneeze vaginal plugs in nasal caves. One with one sense, taste and taster, whether sweet or sour slips on amphibious skin of tongue.

I, mouth. Mastication of the umamilicious. Liberation of the hole language pimps, former air particle vibrator blowing on this mangled manna like crisp fart sources dissecting ass-ramming. Me, myself, and I, my happy ménage à trois, complete as if we were new parents, full-breath contractions of rebirth, alive, alive, on assimilating an old soul I shed incarnated in Nick, warm scalp to frostbitten big toe.

—!@#\$\$%^&\*())(\*&^%\$#@!

—Ja ja, sensational a man can scream without a pair.

—!@#\$\$%^&\*())(\*&^%\$#@!

—Schnauze!

I pig out:

One man's cheeks, another man's beef bourguignonne;

One man's hams, another man's fillet-de-mignon.

Bake me a meat pie as fast as ya can

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man.

Enough hauling. Blood cells, air-borne, irritating snouts of other beasts in for spoils. Gruesome details, I'll spare. Who wants cordon bleu scholarship on outdoor male organs being delicacies with buttock fat in a grease fan, a mutant squid spliced with aged sausage? Population crisis being what it is, dare I leak to human that human dwarfs ham as ham? What butcher can survive if I whisper pork, thanks to fibers as pink as us taller chimps, akin to cannibalism in savour? What lawless Third World nation can resist, with endangerment biting into poaching, science superdomesticated animals on the planet gush wild gravies, tang wilder than boar, lick in the crack between cinnamons and curries? How can self-respecting swingers distinguish trick-pad from slaughterhouse then? The late-night deli, what transaction would 50-watt bulbs illuminate, if I leak to these establishments, out of the hamstrings come cuts superior to Weiss's famous smoked meat? I rather not foresee cloned eras where honest bipedal meat sits down to dinner with itself, replicant and replicant in strict conversation about originals on meathooks in cryogenic stasis, waiting for special occasions like prized vintages.

I penetrated taboo frontier, a prodigal son, a vision of Armageddon for an infectious endowment: pigments of skin, genitalia, circumcision, none of these buttress sides, not dollars and cents, not figures on charts, not shapes products or surgeons take credit for. Teeth, Guten Appetit, arms in this war. Enamel sparkling on incisor as if it was diamond, filed to the point, self-replicating like reptile limbs on eater Eden in eaten. I saw opening and closing with pure instinct, babbling on flesh as if speech had been forgotten. In the beginning was The Wound, innocence cast out on tastebuds: mouths, such ancient mechanisms, inheritance from sea creatures we were, for logic swinging on the branch of banana trees, spinning on

tsetse flies ensnared in tarantula webs. Moan and groan, pleasure and pain, echo this debt.

Addicts imbibe at its marrow.

*The Manifestation<sup>1</sup> of Spelling in an Habitat of Electronic Mediation:  
A Defense  
Of  
A Defense*

---

<sup>1</sup> *The manifestus family tree:*

*Manifest,  
Manifestable,  
Manifestant,  
Manifestation,  
Manifestative,  
Manifestator,  
Manifested,  
Manifester,  
Manifesteress,  
Manifesting,  
Manifestive,  
Manifestly,  
Manifestness,  
Manifesto.*

*Manifestus = manus "hand" + festus "struck."*

*Via keyboard, pen, quill, stylus,  
letters are "struck" by "hand,"  
letters are "present to the eye"  
(one definition of "manifestation")  
being visual representation of sound  
in the phonetic alphabet we "spell" with.*

*Electronic mediation retrieves  
magical utterance of the spoken word.*

*According to Genesis (King James translation):  
"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."*

*Thus "manifestation" in its mystical connotation  
as well as "spell."*

*Another relevant definition of "manifestation"  
notes "a public act calling attention"  
& "communication of a state of consciousness."  
See OED (second edition).*

Lps. The keys to. Given!

—James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*

*The fundamental anagnorisis for wordsmiths who plug into this medium of the English language, this collective project now approximately 1500 years under construction, is in the 20<sup>th</sup> century the major event in communications was a switch from a written to spoken predominance of the word via electric technologies like radio, phonograph and its decedents, film, and television. This may seem obvious, as much as to express this constitutes an event as monumental as invention of the Gutenberg printing press may seem cliché, nonetheless its implications are neither and such statements are requisite platforms to launching an exploration to explain contents of this thesis.*

*I would offer these pressures spoken of above, particularly for one who chooses to operate in the written word, forces a writer into a mask of the artist-critic. From Henry James to Mark Z. Danielewski, from New Criticism to New Historicism, an increasingly theoretical approach characterizes serious writing<sup>2</sup> in print in the century past to the breaking point where it is no longer useful distinguishing between “intellectual work” and “creative endeavours” within confines of shrinking audiences who share growingly similar preoccupations as a reading public becomes a reading clique, fiction and non-fiction both forced toward an ebbing corner books occupy, new manuscripts for new priests, for which I site what I consider to be landmark companion texts, phenomena of this media ecology: *Surveiller et Punir: Naissance de la prison* (1975) by Michel Foucault and *The Executioner’s Song* (1979) by Norman Mailer, treatments on Western prison systems to independently posit a man’s soul as a modern penitentiary’s victim of incarceration, each in violation of traditional bounds which distinguish “sociologist” from “novelist” until one grants an implosion underway in print and an inevitable artist-critic front seeming to clarify this relatively contemporaneous sensibility to imbue our time, our early 21<sup>st</sup> century.*

*Of course one full generation has come and gone since publication of those two exemplar books of our condition. This situation is now not better nor worse, no, though certainly enervated for more implosion vis-à-vis expression in print after rise of the Internet where even in the most casual usage of the e-mail exchange of information travels at speeds of light and such an overload ushers in pattern recognition skills. Thoroughly swept aside by rival mediums for control of the social dialogue, print acquires modified relevance in its*

---

2

*I imply “serious writing” should build bridges from past conceptions to present perceptions and believe future memory measures this, cerebral secretary booking appointments out of our full flux of experiences. Regardless of what we like or dislike, two questions should haunt contentious minds: how memorable and how useful is this fill-in-the-blank? The rest qualifies as entertainment as escapism, no more and no less numbing than anaesthetic.*

*marginalization: multi-media means multi-sensory and I know no interface more antithetical to that sort of engagement than symbols pressed on paper, than highly abstract, highly specialized letters for sole consumption by the visual faculty. Now, dear reader, print is this perfect antidote, "social medicine in ink" as I contend, as I tippity-tap-tippity-tap out on keys an anti-environment "circuit breaker" to an "electronic" jungle we swamp ourselves with, space within which to place a compass, a tool for a time when we become online explorers of the planet since online new taxonomies of new knowledge begin with miscellany, attesting to why these days "google" in popular parlance most often refers to a verb and not a noun.*

*As far as what pattern recognition skills I advocate, this is discourse for our next passage, yes, it is more economical to pause on what I believe I wrote in the now thoroughly collapsed role of the artist-critic where eclecticism constitutes new literary norms: an hundred-old pages for consideration, yes, an admixture of poetry and prose, fiction and non-fiction, as well as drama.*

## 2

**"trivium** (*trivium*). [L. (f. tri-, TRI- + via way), a place where three ways meet; in med. L. in sense I below.]

**"1.** In the Middle Ages, the lower division of the seven liberal arts, comprising grammar, rhetoric, and dialectic."

—OED (second edition)

*The trivium, historically, divided knowledge into three camps: rhetoric which concerns how one communicates, dialectic which concerns sequential reasoning of typically logicians, grammar which concerns written words and their interpretation as well as interpretation of the world or "Book of Nature." The trivium, traditionally, further divided intellectual alliances into two camps: grammarians and rhetoricians were dubbed "Ancients" due to their reliance on tradition, dialecticians were dubbed "Moderns" due to their new "breakthrough" systems. I would only add this holds sway to today; that, in university life, those in Humanities are updated versions of "Ancients" as much as those in Sciences are updated versions of "Moderns"; that, despite chronicles of philosophy and of literature and of rhetoric, solely when each branch refracts through light of the other two proper holistic perspective surfaces, left-hemisphere with right-hemisphere in brain in one thunderclap of interlaced cognition via these Siamese triplets.*

*It should be obvious by now my thesis is refashioning this medieval model out of no baroque sense, no, I plead need for more pattern recognition tools. Such claims, for uses of the trivium as much as for uses of the thesis, could be taken to be hyperbole at best, to be pure bull at worst, until one identifies one common root of each language, each construct of symbols out of which each construct of physical materials in civilization is "built" out of, whether spoken or written word, whether computer programming or mathematics, add up to four different numerators over this one common denominator: consciousness.*



*If so, each successful language should possess synonymous “contours” if they “fit” equally well like hats, in which case basic qualitative analysis of one should transfer to another. If so, contents of this thesis is an aid in fostering pattern recognition on demonstration of twin concerns: one, how more specifically the trivium can illuminate fields outside of literature through literary techniques, two, how more specifically the three divisions I present can illuminate the trivium. The first I shall attempt to tackle now while in the case of the second I shall attempt to tackle for more latter passages. I end, regardless, with what previously constituted pattern recognition by critic in artist:*

*“If a reader were asked to set down a list of the things that had most impressed him about Ulysses, it might reasonably be somewhat as follows. First, the clarity with which the sights and sounds and smells of Dublin come to life, the rotundity of the character-drawing, and the naturalness of the dialogue. Second, the elaborate way that the story and characters are parodied by being set against archetypal heroic patterns, notably the one provided by the Odyssey. Third, the revelation of character and incident through the searching use of the stream-of-consciousness technique. Fourth, the constant tendency to be encyclopedic and exhaustive both in technique and in subject matter, and to see both in highly intellectualized terms. It should not be too hard for us by now to see that these four points describe elements in the book which relate to the novel, romance, confession, and anatomy respectively. Ulysses, then, is a complete prose epic with all four forms employed in it, all of practically equal importance, and all essential to one another, so that the book is a unity and not an aggregate. (Frye 313-314)”<sup>3</sup>*

### 3

**“rhetoric** (ˈrɛtərɪk). [a. OF. rethorique (mod.F. rhétorique), or ad. L. rhētorica, -icē (med.L. reth-), a. Gr.ῥητορικὴ (sc. τέχνη), fem. of Gr.ῥητορικός RHETORIC a.]

“1. a. The art of using language so as to persuade or influence others; the body of rules to be observed by a speaker or writer in order that he may express himself with eloquence.”

—OED (second edition)

*Perhaps this supposed familiar term “rhetoric” is best defined as a self-conscious use and study of language when skillfully done. I would venture that poetry is ideal rhetoric.*

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3

Frye, Northrop. *Anatomy of Criticism: Four Essays*. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1957. Eleventh printing.

*The whole fact it is written vertically and not horizontally denotes less arbitrary placement, whether verse or free verse, versus prose. This calling of attention to itself, in gathering concentration, more economically produces whatever desired effect. That roots rhetoric, preoccupation with effects which lead ultimately back to causes: consider how difficult postures of Democratic politicians become in the third quarter of the twentieth century without reference to the model of Roosevelt, how strange postures of Republican politicians become in the fourth quarter of the twentieth century without reference to the model of Reagan. Pure rhetoricians are ardent traditionalists as much as absolute grammarians are aggressive futurists, each nemesis of the other: Harold Bloom and Marshall McLuhan, both famously English professors or "Ancients" by training, would have little to agree upon for these reasons which explain their radically diverging stances.*

*It was under such assumptions I organized my poetry. If Aristotle in Rhetoric or Quintilian in Institutio Oratoria or more contemporary scholarship suits you for your manual, my recommendation nonetheless directs people to read and write poetry to learn their "ABCs" of this branch of the trivium, particularly in an oral culture. Though no particular scheme informs my selection save that it is representative in scope and quality, my strategy remains true to rhetoric in the sense that they inhabit as many different styles as possible, ash after ash of lessons in being able to communicate in multiple ways to achieve a knack for manipulating future desired outcomes, in writing or in life. I find cliché and ridiculous people who literally interpret literary terms like "voice" or "appropriation of voice," fruits of rhetorical imbalance without proper temperament of grammar or dialectic. I think this poem indirectly captures this spirit:*

#### Exploratory

Fist-fucking is primitive  
Surgery.

Fingernails—  
Scalpel blades.

*In other words on words, I would rather have my hand up the butt of language than have language up the butt of Phil. In other words on words, I would rather be ventriloquist than dummy. After all, all words are metaphors, all except word word. The role of the artist is as maker, critic is as attitude toward that making.*

*The Eastern mystics tell us all things we perceive are creations of the mind that arise from particular states of consciousness and that dissolve again if this state is eclipsed. Hinduism holds all shapes and structures are creations of the mind under spells of maya and tendencies to attach deep significance to them basic human illusion. Buddhists call this avidya or ignorance and see this as a state of a "defiled" mind. I merely apply rigorous understanding of these religious "grammars" to equally rigorous practice of those "rhetorics" I manifest in poetry and carefully walk my "tightrope" and get down to business of mounting an attack on the nature of reality, what essentially languages preserve in their*

*arrangement of symbols that extend consciousness: interplay between experience and perception that we only receive in coded bits in the replay of expression. Than an equal sign, for instance, can be seen as a statement of metaphor: “y equals x to the 2<sup>nd</sup> power” establishes knowledge of one thing in terms of another. Your physicist or poet attempts to penetrate into substances of things, only their modes of attack on the nature of reality differ due to systems they choose to utilize.*

4

**“grammar.** [ad.OF. gramaire (F. grammaire), an irregular semipopular adoption (for the form of which cf. OF. mire repr. L. medicum, artimaire repr. L. artem magicam or mathematicam) of L. grammatica, ad. Gr. γραμματική (scil. τέχνη art), fem. of γραμματικός adj., of or pertaining to letters or literature, f. γράμματα letters, literature, pl. of γράμμα letter, written mark, f. root of γράφειν to write. Cf. Pr. Gramaira (prob. from Fr.) Old Fr. had also a learned adoption of L. word gramatique, parallel with Sp. gramática, Pg., It. grammatica, G. grammatik, Welsh gramadeg.

“1. a. That department of the study of a language which deals with its inflexional forms or other means of indicating the relations of words in the sentence, and with the rules for employing these accordance with established usage; usually including also the department which deals with the phonetic system of the language and the principles of its representation in writing. Often preceded by an adj. designating the language referred to, as in *Latin, English, French grammar.*”

—OED (second edition)

*The works of William Shakespeare and Bob Dylan are collections of preoccupations by essentially dramatic poets, key complementary studies in rhetoric if the former is appreciated in written word format with the latter in spoken word format –singing, in slowing down speech, means to the ear what vertical arrangement on the page means to the eye, an incredibly potent form of poetry musical accompaniment only enhances, ask advertisers (friends, Romans, countrymen) what powers of rhetoric pop songs wield. Through this fertile field of rhetoric, indeed in transition from my own dabbling in poetry, I swing that sword of grammar that undermines its “Ancients” rival in the trivium under title*

#### The Möbius Script. <sup>4</sup>

*This closet drama is vivisection by grammar in the life of the perception of the word, comparative and historical in means, through rise and demise of Gutenberg's printing press. I embrace a contradiction in the process: a singular voice for vastly different characters. I believe this reveals hidden tensions in the work of the artists: Dylan who performs numerous characters in the range of accents he takes on (second to none), Shakespeare who writes multiple parts in the range of words he invents (second to one), plural singularity as paradoxical as that shape that German mathematician August Ferdinand Möbius gave name to.<sup>5</sup> That roots grammar, core functions from which all futurity emanates. It is, in this sense, true to intentions specifically due to being "fake" drama. If "fake" is "true" rings false consider this: scientific literature now conceives, contrary to popular belief, space not empty but full, extraordinarily full of virtual molecules popping in and out of existence like light in constant dialogue from wave to particle, so say I am after fostering some species of "virtual particle" effect as far as myself and my characters go.*

*Under this strategy a type of ideogram or montage emerges, a construction of narrative cinema made famous by Soviet film director Sergei Eisenstein: Act I consists of*

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4

*"Script" puns on word in following senses: text of play or broadcast, handwriting, system of writing, and printed type resembling writing. "Möbius" plays on geometric shape "Möbius strip," a two-dimensional figure which "pops" into being three-dimensional as much as a closet drama which artificially "pops" into being three-dimensional (realm of the spoken word). This shape, further, moves seamlessly from outside to inside and inside to outside and Shakespeare and Dylan exhibit this looping in their understanding of the word: in the interiority of the written, in the exteriority of the spoken, each infecting each, one signaling increasing visual stress of print, the other signaling increasing acoustic stress of electric technologies. In this sense dynamics I attach to these artists can graph on Western critics, if we understand intellectual inquiry under that term, where Plato (who bans poets in an ideal society) would be to early linear literacy what Marshall McLuhan is to early non-linear postliteracy (who calls poets "antennae of the race"), thus I believe I rightly make a media guru a ghost in this drama since he seems to me what Socrates was to the dialogue writer of the text Republic.*

5

*For more than these reasons closet drama is an essential form to revamp in this current media climate. The Net itself can be seen to be closet drama writ large birthing powerful creatures of expression like weblogs, ask Dan Rather who lost CBS' anchor chair due to an upstart crow typing in this online format. Speaking of forgeries, this piece is published as a blog (as a commentary on a blog) good artist-critic that I am. See my prefatory "READER'S MANUAL" in following citation:*

*Morais, Philip. "October in January: A Cybernetic Manifesto." McLuhan Program weblog on Marshall McLuhan. blogger.com 14 Jan. 2005. <<http://www.mcluhan.utoronto.ca/academy/mms2>>*

*statements on how spoken and written word infect each other while my presentation apes that very infection, Act II consists of statements that literalize ideas previously written/spoken of, collapse of “visual” to “acoustic” space. Each plays off the other, a mosaic to piece together like those dots of lights on television screens or audio collages DJs spin on turntables, a photograph of reading/writing as reading/writing photographs egos in letters, engagement “worn” with particularly tactile eye for ear for greater absorption, pleasures and pains part and parcel to the new art of living.*

5

“**dialectic** (daɪəˈlɛktɪk), a. and sb. [ad. L dialectic-us, a. Gr. διαλεκτικός of or pertaining to discourse or discussion, f. διάλεκτος” see DIALECT. Cf. mod. F. dialectique.]

“1. a. Of, pertaining to, or of the nature of logical disputation; argumentative, logical.”

—OED (second edition)

*Since “dialectic” shares etymological roots with “dialect,” which refers to discourse or conversation or a particular way of speaking in a country or district, we see in the trivium proper proportion in locating logic as a specific way of “speaking” intellectually, one of three, one traceable like a dialect back to Western culture and epiphenomenal of the radical communications technology introduced by Greeks to ancient civilization, “software” of the fully phonetic alphabet from which its linear, fragmentary, sequential, and abstract characteristics originate. In @ego I engage this question of language and logic through Menippean satire:*

*“The Menippean satire deals less with people as such than with mental attitudes .... The Menippean satire thus resembles the confession in its ability to handle abstract ideas and theories, and differs from the novel in its characterization, which is stylized rather than naturalistic, and presents people as mouthpieces of the ideas they represent. (Frye 309)”<sup>6</sup>*

*The “mouthpiece” for this question of language and logic is Phay Id who embraces that mold of the philosophus gloriosus stock character typical of the subgenre. To return to Anatomy of Criticism: “The novelist sees evil and folly as social diseases, but the Menippean satirist sees them as diseases of the intellect, as a kind of maddened pedantry which the philosophus gloriosus at once symbolizes and defines. (Frye 309)”<sup>7</sup> The ultimate disease or “software virus” of the intellect is this lobotomy we name “language” (thus the poetic style) and its folly is seduction by perfect logic inherent in any ideal (thus the bodybuilding). This*

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<sup>6</sup> See footnote 3.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid.

*accounts for what novel-centered conceptions of fiction would identify to be “loosely structured narrative,” precisely my point if logical sequence is what I wish to undermine. I would even go so far as to say that “loosely structured narrative” is typical of Menippean satire and cite Gravity’s Rainbow (1973) by Thomas Pynchon as a model since it is my understanding this book is our most significant instance (in print) of the form in the second half of the twentieth century. Likewise for verse interludes and, as far as point of view, should be seen like a literary form of cubism, a kaleidoscope of perspectives not necessarily attributable to any one character. Treat such ruptures in the narrative like a moment in a musical when cast members spontaneously burst into song, an antithesis of verse versus previous thesis of prose to frame things in terms of a Hegelian dialectic. I believe this quote encapsulates much of what I have been addressing:*

*“The chief mark of Menippean style was unconventional diction. Neologisms, portmanteau words, macaronics, preciousness, coarse vulgarity, catalogues, bombast, mixed languages, and protracted sentences were typical of the genre, sometimes appearing all together in the same work. In outward structure, Menippean satire was a medley—usually a medley of alternating prose and verse, sometimes a jumble of flagrantly digressive narrative, or again a potpourri of tales, songs, dialogues, orations, letters, lists, and other brief forms, mixed together. Menippean topical elements included outlandish fictions (i.e., fantastic voyages, dreams, visions, talking beasts) and extreme distortions of argument (often, ‘paradoxes’). (Kirk xi)”<sup>8</sup>*

*Why this bodybuilder of German decent, though, who is Canadian by adoption only to go to California for fame? Obviously I am playing with Arnold Schwarzenegger’s profile who is about as unavoidable in this sport as Muhammad Ali’s in boxing. The Governor of California’s age approximates Phay’s whose father was a Nazi, a political party my character more than alludes to and I believe absolutely fitting since I know of no more absurdly strict adherence to logic than methodical extermination of humans in gas chambers and ovens, numbers written in ink on their wrists as if parts in an assembly plant. Out of this past I place this character in Canada since today Federalism and Separatism mean war completely in, and fought over, language: Québec controls its own health care, education, immigration, separate charter of rights to boot, for more power than any declared semi-*

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8

Kirk, E. P. *Menippean Satire: An annotated catalogue of texts and criticism*. New York: Garland, 1980.

*autonomous region in Europe, country in all but name.*<sup>9</sup> Thus that exert from 'iii' with one godson from La Belle Province, indeed this philosophus gloriosus is from Kitchener, a town originally settled by German-speaking Mennonites (a religion whose assumptions of the necessity of the individual interpretation derive totally from a switch in communications, from a mechanization of the first handicraft or creation of the first commodity beginning in the year Gutenberg produced an edition of the Vulgate (1455) though connections between Protestantism and capitalism constitutes no news).<sup>10</sup> The Amish heritage, then, symbolizes popular attitudes toward technology, of the fetish made of the past as "good" and "natural" and present as "evil" and "unnatural" when their championing of the individual ultimately ends in reversal to one-person corporations only possible with celebrity culture for foundation, fame itself highly dialectical writing on the body impossible without mass communications that can hieroglyphically attach meaning at image –off then from Canada to California for Phay, from where language constitutes identity (Anglophone/Francophone) to where writing on the body constitutes success (bodybuilding/fame).

*All of this is destined to end in cannibalistic parody of the Eucharist to my mind.*<sup>11</sup> A highly egotistical one-person corporation run amuck devolves back to a mouth, to a hole with teeth, speech being one of the original perversions of biology since this orifice is for

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9

*Rene Levesque famously gripped of "swimming in a sea of English people" after a constitutional conference. It is deadly attentive, by someone so obviously language conscience, to lump "us" with Americans since "Canadian" English dates back to the American revolution with Loyalists who fled north. More importantly American/Canadian English is rated most analytic or logical in bias. Please see:*

*Trotter, R. H. "The Other Hemisphere." Science News 109 (3 April, 1976).*

10

*Max Weber, German economist and sociologist, one of the founders of modern sociology, who wrote celebrated book The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism (1904) to argue direct correlation between Protestant work ethics and rise of Western capitalism. My hardly original tie of both these movements to the Gutenberg printing press of course brings us back to the previous preoccupations of the section I dubbed "Grammar."*

11

*On Mennipean satire M. H. Abrams offers: "A major feature is a series of extended dialogues and debates (often conducted at a banquet or party) ..." See "Satire" in:*

*Abrams, M. H. A Glossary of Literary Terms. Toronto: Harcourt Brace, 1971. Sixth edition.*

eating not speaking.<sup>12</sup> There is no greater retort nature can make to nurture than feeding, which is why Phay will take revenge on DIO in this manner since DIO dialectically represents language:

<b>Letter</b>	<b>Idea</b>	<b>Geometric Shape</b>	<b>Form &amp; Correspondences with Length</b>
<i>D</i>	<i>synthesis</i>	<i>semicircle</i>	<i>lines with curves (BDGJPQR) = medium</i>
<i>I</i>	<i>antithesis</i>	<i>line</i>	<i>lines (AEFHIKLMNTVWXYZ) = long</i>
<i>O</i>	<i>thesis</i>	<i>circle</i>	<i>curves (OUCS) = short</i>

Of course all of this is highly orthodox for highly unorthodox Mennipean satire: "At its most concentrated the Menippean satire presents us with a vision of the world in terms of a single intellectual pattern. (Frye 310)"<sup>13</sup> So while there is an appearance of parody in the conspiracy atmosphere of the piece, this obviously would be mistaken. If language mediates reality then language is reality and constitutes an ultimate fulfillment of conspiracy theory itself being not behind but between everything. And, indeed, there seems to be much to

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12

I earlier proposed languages as an extension of the mind. It is also works as an extension of the body, specifically teeth in facilitating "gripping" reality, teeth being unique in the body as its only linear sequence amongst its parts, which only achieves perfect doubling in the fully phonetic alphabet. Though Western literacy "civilized" European tribes there should be equal credit given for more wars being fought in this area by "civilized" Europeans than anywhere else in the history of civilization. There is also, of course, king Cadmus in Greek mythology who plants dragon's teeth from which springs an army, same monarch who introduced fully phonetic literacy (from Phoenicia) to Greece. Nonetheless only proof telepathy instills non-violence could completely certify what I suggest. I believe there is such evidence and invite skeptics to visit [www.mindball.se](http://www.mindball.se), site of the revolutionary game Mindball. Synopsis: this two-person game is like foosball or air hockey whose objective constitutes scoring on an opponent. Instead of paddles or little plastic men on sticks to manipulate a ball, a controller is a player's brain, specifically alpha and theta brainwaves to steer a rubber-coated steel ball across a 4-foot-long table. Players wear headbands equipped with electrodes that act as biosensors to measure their brain's electrical activity as recorded from their scalp similar to how a neurophysiologic electroencephalogram (EEG) machine is used to assess brain damage and epilepsy. Those who do well are calm and relaxed, concentrating intently, since only steady-brained thinkers triumph. The goal is not to aggressively compete to win. Cost: \$30,000 (US).

<sup>13</sup> See footnote 3.



suspect:

*"In addition to a certain living standard, another condition must be met: if a man is to be successfully propagandized, he needs at least a minimum of culture. Propaganda cannot succeed where people have no trace of Western culture. We are not speaking here of intelligence; some primitive tribes are surely intelligent, but have an intelligence foreign to our concepts and customs. A base is needed—for example, education; a man who cannot read will escape propaganda, as will a man who is not interested in reading. People used to think that learning and reading evidenced human progress; they still celebrate the decline of illiteracy as a great victory: they condemn countries with a large proportion of illiterates: they think that reading is a road to freedom. All this is debatable, for the important thing is not to be able to read, but to understand what one reads, to reflect on and judge what one reads. Outside of that, reading has no meaning (and even destroys certain automatic qualities of memory and observation). But to talk about critical faculties and discernment is to talk about something far above primary education and to consider a very small minority. The vast majority of people, perhaps 90 percent, know how to read, but they do not exercise their intelligence beyond this. They attribute authority and eminent value to the printed word, or, conversely, reject it altogether. As these people do not possess enough knowledge to reflect and discern, they believe—or disbelieve—in toto what they read. And as such people, moreover, will select the easiest, not the hardest, reading matter, they are precisely on the level at which the printed word can seize and convince them without opposition. They are perfectly adapted to propaganda. (Ellul 108-9)"*<sup>14</sup>

*I would only add that pattern recognition is an intelligent form of understanding to go hand-in-hand with literacy unless one wants to be seduced by one of its side effects in the trivium.*<sup>15</sup> *Here, moreover, is an exercise I learned in an acting class and offer for proof,*

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14

Ellul, Jacques. *Propaganda: The Formation of Men's Attitudes*. Trans. by Konard Keller and Jean Lerner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1965.

15

*Postmodern studies are as undeniably political as they are written by rhetoricians, often in dialectical mode, who in obsessing over "hidden agenda" have been thoroughly hypnotized by the "hidden agenda" of the medium they communicate with as well as illustrating imbalance in assuming one position in the trivium without equal respect for all three. Living in an oral culture is considerably responsible for both sides of this argument.*

*cheap do-it-yourself science, if you question either language not transcendable nor an elaborate plot: go around a room and with whatever catches your attention shout out a name for the object that does not correspond with the object, call a lamp a "dog" or a table a "piano" and so forth. You must, to appreciate this exercise, say this word before that actual word for the object comes to mind. If you keep this up for long enough, you will eventually pass out by short circuiting that language program your parents began to install when they said to say "mama" or "papa." I, for one, prefer to quit once I feel stoned. Regardless, there is no better experiment to conduct on oneself for appreciation of language by-pass and its extreme difficulties. Some try for hours without "beating" language. It takes me, in good practice, seconds to get a bad-ass headrush.<sup>16</sup>*

*Finally, I would like to deal with what appears to those whose commitment to rhetoric and/or dialectic to be "controversial" aspects of Menippean satire, which is how this subgenre "wears" or, for lack of better terminology, "puts-on" its reader through shock and/or taboo: "A Menippist will do anything necessary to reinvigorate the reader's numbed sensibilities, so the art blossoms with novelty in every age as well as with blatant plagiarism of other, earlier Menippists. Descriptive approaches cannot keep pace with novelty, and objective appraisal of the satires and their contents means ignoring their effect on the reader" (McLuhan ix).<sup>17</sup> Part of its attack on the nature of reality, in other words, involves*

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16

*Thinking with and without language may one day, to one advanced generation, be as simple as switching a light on and off. Indeed, languageless communication may even become our lingua franca in an hyperconnected globe since there seems to be no reason why Mindball could not be gamed on a Website and extended to other applications from there, likely commerce since this technology could do to software what software did to hardware: speed communication in ways which will make our dotcom boom seem tinsy. The problem is not technical: online telepathy will not work if someone in China thinks of a cup with the Cantonese word for "cup" to someone in America who knows not even one mot of Mandarin. Children, I suppose, will have to split their time learning linguistic and non-linguistic communication, likely through types of pattern recognition. This non-linguistic communication which could only be agreed upon by "prepared" minds would be a type of slang whose rate of change would be literally incomprehensible to us language apes and would turn the world into silent utterances resembling Finnegans Wake. If love is desire to sublimate, telepathy makes an act of communication love or communion in this Pentecostal state since computers do not need languages, users do. In this type of virtual panopticon identity is as obsolete as misunderstanding since in communicating you literally become one another in instantaneous instances messages are sent and received.*

17

*McLuhan, Eric. The Role of Thunder in Finnegans Wake. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1997.*

*assumptions of the reader.*<sup>18</sup> *The following excerpts below illustrate this as well as extensive dialogues and concentration on ideas typical of the form out of no sense of indulgence, no, purely out of conviction to make my case since my thesis supervisor (rightly or wrongly) told me I had not done this with what has been read thus far. So, for your pleasure, four square snippets of conversation from episode 'xi,' prequel of sorts to cannibalism to come in episode 'x,' where Phay (kidnapper) and Nick (kidnaped) are in the Canadian brush on their way north and bestiality (among other subjects) arises.*

—Wild, domestic. Be specific, Phay.

—Ouk, ouk.

—Boars!

—Homosocial warthogs who ejaculate, sans stimuli, even in their sleep. Perhaps this is due to females of the species who engages in gang-bang with males in the herd up to 21 times in 3 hours.

I am a ham:

I dink, therefore, I ram

From pink in pink

To purple in purple—

Picklin' dick

Shootin' thick—

Behind each tail to lift to feed in the trough's immediate circle.

I burp, I fart, staccato perfect fifths in unison, sharp twin chomps as molars on wafered chocolate bars, as straight-to-rental super-8 martial art potboilers when necks snap—dried cannelloni, wrung with one spright twisting crunch in moist paper towels, sound effect contacts assure me of this wunderbar nasal flatulence.

—A practice-run slight-of-mouth.

—Masterful. Whistling out of both sides! You must untie me to land a hand.

—A captive audience satisfies appetites. Did I mention female warthogs can refuse a fuck with tail placement and a tightening of the leg muscles upward?

—How high is high?

—Watch. Done on a pole, a tip is due on this artful a trick.

—Hmm. It'll be to dog-fucking soccer moms what medicinal marijuana was to high school kids near government housing.

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18

*I consider politically incorrect animated program South Park perfect Mennipean satire as well as Jean Chrétien's recent appearance at Justice Gomery's inquiry that "put-on" this judge—an equivalent of the supposedly neutral observing reader—with use of golf balls as a prop in his testimony. To quote Eric McLuhan again in The Role of Thunder in Finnegans Wake: "Neither of the other forms of satire, Horatian or Juvenalian, aim for this effect; in fact, they shun it .... Menippean satire goes after the reader instead. (McLuhan 4)"*

—The cloistered mainstream awaits us.  
—I embrace tomorrow today, as if yesterday, Phay.  
—Learn to worship trapdoors with an inner child lost at funhouses that summer  
Doctor games became ooey-gooey. We need to address vaginal plugs of the quadrupeds of  
the tusk.

—You shittin' me?  
—I ask this question too.

It is beautiful to be in such predicaments in the 21<sup>st</sup> barbarous gestation of civilization,  
conscious thought left behind with other relics of the Enlightenment proper distant allows one  
to appreciate, as if to say we had play with abstract form, lineal pursuits as dimensional as  
ticker tape streaming in Manhattan when GIs parade down Broadway, champagne christening  
cracking on crowns to salute unseen cruise ships sunk long, long ago in the Grand Banks far,  
far away ...

—The moist gelatinous barrier in the reproductive tract, please continue ...  
—The plug deposits out of the male to insure no foreign sperm seizes egg.  
—Is this African genius cannibalistic?  
—Ja ja, as habitual as man.

A man, a pig,  
To choose to be a cannibal?  
A pig, a man,  
Not to chew a pink testicle?

A pig is a pig, dig.  
Ouik! Ouik!  
Boink! Boink!

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—Grizzlies. What if we hit on them, Phay?  
—Run.  
—Fiddlesticks!  
—Run. And orangutan up a tree.  
—Grizzlies can't climb, right.  
—Black bears, though ... no cause for concern.  
—Please, finish.  
—You stand no chance. Each limb I snapped, like a twig, guarantees a monarch  
caterpillar scales a trunk faster in emergencies. No cause for concern.  
—Skunk.  
—Smelt it, dealt it.  
—The rodent.  
—Not an issue.  
—Quick bath in tomato juice works miracles?

—I spray *him*.

---

—Moose mating season. Watch out, Nick.

—You mean those queer bellows ...

—Ja.

—Not pain but ...

—Ja. Wait til we get north.

—How north is north?

—North. Habitat of mongoloid outgrowths from radioactive fallout.

—Picasso for birdwatchers.

—Thank windfronts blowing through Chernobyl. Not sure if that helps or hurts mating, though.

—At times it helps to hurt.

—We're soulmates. Reminds me, keep peeping for elk. We'll get impaled if it is rutting season.

—I see a mountain goat behind us.

—Impossible. Indigenous to B.C. and Yukon. Noble beast. Often look like chin-beard patriarchs though cleaner, somehow, than hairless teenaged coochie.

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—Admit it, man.

—Enjoy this heat and light coming off of the fire, Nicky baby.

—Disgusting. Who knew whose moans were whose at that shrub? I made out antlers ... aside from ululations.

—Hush. I understand. You want to suck each other off again.

Wanna swap sperm?

Milk shakes out of our own teatin' species.

Ya wanna squirm?

Eat feces.

King Kong

Swings long schlong,

I know.

Yo, though, Quasimodo:

Find other bells to bong.

Don't treat genitals like feces

Don't stick dick in the ass of another species.

—No word on macaques who fondle each other's scrotums, I offer to Nick.

—No.

—Certain breeds of branch-swingers who back up and fondle each other's genitals between their legs?

—Neat, though, no.

—Walrus masturbation habits when mounting and courting?

—Nothing which entails finger, foot, flipper, or other appendage.

—You possess no idea what an elephant trunk can do when ...

—We're dissecting sexual habits of animals because ...

—Because I want to make Your Honour more intimate with law. Your fellow wig wearers would flip lids in their bad theatres to learn what I could teach them outside those hallowed halls of the Supreme Court of Canada.

—There are no words.

—I am superior to language. And law.

—You're something else, Phay, to that I'll testify.

—'Testify' and 'testicles' come from same Latin root word *testis*. Which meant, in the beginning, 'witness.'

—This jazz on zookeeper's Kama Sutra ...

—Among certain primates, zoologists and anthropologists often witness a practice polite people name 'diddling.' Each thick-fingered branch-swinger palms front tail in the hand of the other. Meat most vulnerable, squashable as a gourd, as a sign of the ultimate trust. And, to seal oath, each strokes to the sound of one hand clapping.

—Twin handjobs begat courtrooms and contracts?

—*Liquid* legislation. We need to return to placing hands on the original bible of the naked truth.

—Point.

—I am what I am.

—The mind is an enigma, spare me.

—I see, you solve you.

—What, self constitutes sole proof of being? Cartesianism?

—I sleuths on 'I.' The body is the body of evidence.

—The question.

—What is natural? Celibates, undialectical masturbators ...

—Master debaters, indeed.

—I speak of glitches.

—G-d, not that nonsense again.

—G-d. Good word. A glitch makes a universe of difference. Life manifests in barren water, consciousness out of light which we slouch to return to online. Apes become men. Men, supermen.

—The biological purpose of the mouth, for one perversion, mastication?

—Humans use this apparatus instead to talk, to chew bubble gum, to kiss.

—Mother tongue of mother tongue is tongue. French me, Phay.

—Disease! birth defects! rape! beautiful functions! all as natural as Amish sausages!

—No nature, no nurture?

—Not in the dialectical realm of the glitch. The future seed is an intelligent manipulator of evolution. We're cyborgs with information for pollen. We're cocooning in capital, which began with phonetic alphabets, which begat computer programs, line after line spun with signifiers while we outer corporeal existence to obsolescence, placenta feeding an Übermensch to be born.

—Earth to Uranus, tune in space cadet ...

—Am not.

—Are too.

—Am *not*.

—Are *too*.

I fail to recollect who won this oldest of tug-of-wars. After innumerable head butts to wallop walnut shells to pulp, perhaps I. Abutting subject: beetles.

—Outside of classical and disco, I am an imbecile.

—Real beetles, Nick.

—Elvis attracts impersonators, I know.

—The insect!

—The choice bugs me. With mosquitoes and blackflies eating me, that is. I debate which'll drive me nuts first, us or them.

—I think those welts look sparkling.

—You're immaculate.

—Natural repellant.

—Beetles, shoot, let me forget about air-borne identities.

—To purge certain Masonic curiosities, I went to Giza after The Wall fell in Berlin. At high noon I stood tall before Chephren's triangular tomb. I felt such awe.

—Comparable to posing in front of a mirror before competition?

—Ja. I had to climb. The sun told me climb. I paid off one guard and began to ascend, lunge after lunge, block by block. Ghosts of the labourers, who died millennia back, thwarting each step as if an athletic pace mocked generations of blood and sweat and death. I could feel slaves swelling in each big toe a thousand men kissed as if a cool tent, squealing to confuse each step. I cursed in what languages I knew and drove herds to one camel's anus below, spurring off an Israeli tourist. Egypt, a bummer. I anticipated a land of pharaohs and got a Third World nation-state. This, though, is highlight of the trip. I, on a throne a muscleman was built to squat, satisfaction things such as titles in the sports world nor fame in the entertainment racket could parch. I took a crap, then and there, to mark my territory on top, flashing ass at that fat ball in the sky in its most arrogant hour.

—I see no connection to beetles.

—On a mammoth block, I caught two male scarab beetles in a death grip.

—It was a sign.

—It was a fuck, not a fight, to the finish.

—Who won?

—Me. I slammed down on them with this fist, like a gable, in the middle of their act.

—You lost me.

—Male scarab beetles, sacred in ancient Egypt, adornments on ornaments of the Pharaoh. After I brought down judgement, with exoskeletons and bug juice anointing me, I understood how holy holy was as a dung beetle came rolling a mound, picking up their baked potato-chip crisp remains. I became intimate with who I was at that moment.

—You became a homo because of a random encounter with bugs?

—Two insects, erased, for being gay with their thorax. Man had done to man for similar reasons with hormone therapy, lobotomy, castration, electroshock, treatments for which I often volunteer at DIO Labs. I became a man when I hit weights. I became a human being then, though, with tears of compassion.

—Outrageous.

—Listen to sweeter whisper from this forest.

—I can deal with this forest at least.

—Learn to deal with The Truth.

—Come, come, humping whales on outskirts of animal practice as much as homosexuality cages in borders of animal sexuality itself. This shit is part invention of half understood garbage you swallow whole. You adore pulling a pile out of a poop.

—Magic, Nick, not a magician, makes The Word flesh.

*I think this is as opportune time as any to address political correctness or piety applied to morality. Art can be extremely moral but not by moralizing, you reverse yourself at that threshold to embrace piety. Piety not only corrodes morality but consorts with corruption. Corruption on piety, in fact, complement one another like mustard on hot dogs. They must. No one can fulfill what piety demands, it is inhuman as a daily demand and so it inspires its opposite for sheer health of the body if not soul. Art, then, is this exhaust valve and unearths interstices of human behaviour indepth since political and religious organizations cannot sufficiently bring to account those terrible complexities of moral experience or of its darker sibling, moral ambiguity. I feel this temptation to conclude mysticism is to religion as art is to politics, dentistry of sorts, a putting in of a filling, not a pretty site but better than a cavity—and less painful, if one possess a mind alive enough to be sensitive. Of course if dentist or doctor is your job you do not get very far in the operation if you treat patient or reader anything but indifferently, you essentially cripple yourself out of fear of crippling your client. I believe many a writer in this politically correct age handicaps themselves out of fears of insulting one group or another or stooping to tastes of supposed “gatekeepers” of culture. Nonetheless there has to be something a bit maniacal about a writer who would really get down to business. It is, for those careful, no easy line to walk. Even the best doctors, after all, eventually are guilty of malpractice. It is, nonetheless, part of the profession, you simply cannot get below the surface with a feather, you need a knife.*

*Now I realize this story is in its early stages and necessarily given in its present highly fragmentary state and for these reasons some of the justifications I offer may seem weak. However these remain my intentions that I fully understand could only be made more explicit with a narrative later in its development.*



PANOPTICAL  
PURVIEW OF  
POLITICAL  
PROGRESS  
AND THE  
FUTURE PRE-  
SENTATION  
OF THE PAST.

—James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*

*The artist is passing this baton on over to the critic for we have been reading more of the works from the former than ideas of the latter. The artist has been as fast as possible in running through how divisions I present illuminate the trivium, critic sprinting now on how the trivium can illuminate fields outside of literature, which will finish on the question of consciousness. To see horizon from forest you first build the tower brick by brick, crookedly at that with or without letter by letter italicization, no bother, none, no preconception of perfection can suffice to translate what only emptiness can measure: how much from how little? We stand for now on an intimacy with builder and building, scaffolding not many another structure can afford to erect in our speedy wireless world where digital storage permits online users to download contents of any major library—complete catalogue of Harvard and Oxford and Library of Congress, in fact, recently licensed by Web search engine Google.*

*The trivium, to recap, divided intellectual alliances in two camps: one of grammarians and rhetoricians or “Ancients” due to their reliance on tradition, another of dialecticians or “Moderns” due to their new “breakthrough” systems. If this holds sway to today, if those in Humanities update “Ancients” as much as those in Sciences update “Moderns,” can this organizational tool of the Middle Ages for pattern recognition more fundamentally perform this threefold analysis:*

- 1) *How to perceive an argument on its own grounds?*
- 2) *How to perceive an argument with additions/substitutions on its own grounds?*
- 3) *How to perceive an argument on grounds other than its own?*

*Certainly if this is applicable to highly tangled academic ventures, it is applicable to any information whatsoever online explorers discover. What superior compass can an anti-environment of print supply to virtual demands of living awash in languages?*

*I first consider an Ancient argument. The Structure of Scientific Revolutions (1962) by Thomas Kuhn could possibly be more frequently cited than any other work in Humanities for the past twenty-five years. The book posits that science consists of a series of “scientific revolutions” each instituting a new “paradigm” of thought and practice incommensurable with the old. Kuhn is a philosopher, a dialectician as much as a scientist, with a predilection*

toward tradition (past philosophers and philosophies) which align this thinker in an Ancient fold. At this point in the body of knowledge dominance by Sciences in the role of dialecticians is total, so philosophers have gone from artists to critics and sought refuge in incorporating other branches to their discipline at expense of “pure” philosophy, grammar in the case of phenomenologists. One of the founding texts of “science studies” obviously has an author who has taken up rhetoric in the position of historian of intellectual evolution to expose rhetorical negotiation in the supposedly reasoned dialectical “progress” of the scientific discipline and, in doing so, rightly contends this is its true grammar.

Now I consider a Modern argument. In *Intellectual Impostures: Postmodern Philosophers’ Abuse of Science* (1997) Alan Sokal<sup>19</sup> with Jean Bricmont bash pretentious and amateurish misuse of recent physics by leading French theorists (Derrida, Lyotard, Baudrillard, and Kristeva) to thoroughly make illicit any notion of “postmodern science,” deadly ammunition to those who reject claims by Humanities of “social construction” for Sciences. Sokal is a professor of physics, a “proper” dialectician these days, unable to turn to history of the rhetorician or more relativist organizations of the grammarian for regaining dominance for dialectic through Sciences in the trivium, striking back instead by playing a strong suit of the dialectician, a linear and sequential logical proposition. Bluntly, if people in Humanities held that people in Sciences are liars, Sciences would counter hold that people in Humanities are stupid and misunderstand out of that ignorance.

I find this dichotomy wholly unsatisfactory: those “Moderns” in Sciences are stubborn, those “Ancients” in Humanities while uncomfortable with contradictions of the capitalist society seem suspiciously less motivated in living with contradictions where they nest intellectually. The trivium, which in Latin literally means “a place where three ways meet,” offers a third way, a triadic structure which builds bridges, which claims artist-critic perspective via powers of discernment (criticism) and creative addition/substitution (art). In obsoleting “right answer” holy grails, “right answer” now being “right question” of the chameleon to cool these rather hot theoretical debates since pattern recognition is grammatical when used as a medium of assessment in the case of these thoughts on this thesis, rhetorical when used as a medium’s content in practice in the case of the actual thesis, and dialectical in structure, wholly holistic, completely untheoretical with questions for models whose aims are practical and derived from experience –my how and why if we

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19

In 1996 Alan Sokal published an article, “Transgressing the Boundaries: Towards a Transformative Hermeneutics of Quantum Gravity,” in elite critical theory journal *Social Text* to argue for postmodern “liberatory” science via an extreme relativism where he suggests  $\pi$  not constant and universal but relative to an observer and subject to “ineluctable historicity.” The hoax became an international front-page scandal. Postmodernism and poststructuralism which similarly unites rhetoric and dialectic à la Kuhn, had been hit in its soft underbelly. Socialists essentially, perhaps seduced by logical machinery like “dialectical materialism” of academic Marxists, could not resist freely drawing on undecidability and incompleteness inherent in quantum mechanics, chaos theory, and complexity theory.

*must split hairs.*

*Necessity is not the mother of invention, invention is the mother necessity. The information that constitutes this new environment is "perpetually in flux," so we need not "fixed concepts" but traditional reading skills to navigate.<sup>20</sup> Such conditions make all artists and arts all through descendants of the PC creating multi-tasking electronic scribes that sparks an Ancients renaissance, as much as Gutenberg's invention assists rise of Moderns with invention of their science, since these new collective practices in totality amount to technological consciousness extension speeding to languageless communication and its ultimate outurance of artificial intelligence as bound up with memory as literature which is to writing what artificial intelligence is to computer programming, only differing in the latter being mirror-makers for consciousness that explicitly "answer" reflections, emperor's new minds pattern recognition tailors toward tighter fittings of the feedback loop threading social garment.*

*These are politics of adaptation to control adaption itself. The greatest revolution possible in the evolution of any species is finally complete control over that evolution, thus this thesis is titled "R/Evolution" since adaptation of consciousness points in that direction. Since Homo sapiens are obviously more than 00.01% advanced of great apes, decoding genetic codes by Moderns who conclude human beings are 99.99% similar to chimps are new clichés screaming for wisdom of Ancients to fill in the blanks with the "perceptual code," which the trivium in the form of pattern recognition or common sense for *sensus communis*<sup>21</sup> helps facilitate. Such holism restored to left-hemisphere and right-hemisphere of the brain may provide beneficial generalization cognitively as much as physically development and coordination of fine prehensile motor skills in the hand rewired brains toward growth of their current size, after bipedalism perhaps our most radical modification. Minds, I mean, as hands, as antennae interfacers plugging into communication feeds of tactile information environs, consciousness as extremity-as-conduit to grasp what we once did with that earth-liberated paw:*

*"Hindsight indicates that the flexible, unspecialized primate hand was to prove a valuable asset for future evolution of this group. Had they not had generalized grasping hands, early hominines would not have been able to manufacture and utilize tools, and thus embark on the new and*

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20

*Please see citation below also for word on "perceptual code":*

*McLuhan, Eric and McLuhan, Marshall. Laws of Media: The new science. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1988. 235.*

21

*Edmund Joseph Ryan in The Role of the "Sensus Communis" in the Psychology of St. Thomas Aquinas (1951) details history of the idea of the "sensus communis," from which phrase "common sense" derives, as it was understood in the Greek and Arab world. It is a doctrine that found a place of importance for tactility.*

*unique evolutionary pathway that led to the revolutionary ability to adapt through culture. (Haviland 88) ”<sup>22</sup>*

*Over life spawns in the privacy of the mind a social and a cultural history of years through which we passed. People easily speak of our time in particular terms of collective remembrance. The manifestation of spelling in an habitat of electronic mediation is this field of perception to who you read, an anti-environment in dialogue with wider social conversation, playing loincloth for language apes beginning to walk erect with their intellectual faculties and finding themselves exposed for the first time. Words are reality*

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22

*Haviland, William A. Human Evolution and Prehistory. 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. Orlando, FL: Harcourt Brace & Company, 1994.*

*A footnote on a footnote: this idea of tactility is curious in relation of five senses with five fingers. Fractals are computerized extensions of mathematical equivalencies Descartes found between geometry and algebra that when accelerated by electronic calculation return touch and kinesthesia in elaboration of patterns where figures become hidden grounds and hidden grounds figures, and so forth. The trivium operates likewise, perpetual synecdoche where division is this form of metalepsis understanding emanates out of, whose retrieval would be impossible without computers outerring our nervous system. If we define “beauty” to be proper proportion as we have “truth” with pattern recognition, this presents further retrieval of two preoccupations of classical art where “truth” is “beauty” and “beauty” is “truth.”*

*A footnote on a footnote on a footnote: John Wheeler, physicist and colleague of Einstein and Niels Bohr, suggests human consciousness shapes not only the present but the past as well in an intergalactic variation on Schrödinger’s famous thought-experiment with a cat, consciousness as a reality’s creative and determining principle. This is reminiscent of idealism of young George Berkeley (1685-1753) or *Esse est percipi* for “to be is to be perceived.” Perhaps light (dialogue of wave/particle) is to consciousness (symphony in five senses) as energy is to matter where only time or different rates of particle motion distinguish these four elements –indeed in *The Universe in a Nutshell* (2001) Stephen Hawking posits ten dimensions of space plus one of time, realms of light and consciousness which serve to measure space, the former quantitatively through speed, the latter qualitatively through comprehension. The point: if the trivium maps consciousness as consciousness maps the universe, the trivium potentially may be an important translation for physics as much as what Wheeler speaks of essentially puts in terms of matter what artist-critic T. S. Eliot outlines as a theory of literary history in “Tradition and the Individual Talent” –that is, pastness made in the image of the present growth (“individual talent”) being our only matching available (“tradition”) à la Fibonacci series (0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55) where correspondance is succession. Please see:*

*Folger, Tim. “Does the Universe Exist if We’re Not Looking?” discover.com Vol. 23 No. 06 June 2002. <<http://www.discover.com/issues/jun-02/features/featuruniverse>>*

*created not by facts but breathed in through swarms of our movements about one another, for we perceive truth in the mindscapes of letters through peculiarities of instances. This accents experience and maybe why there is less flat savour in self-conscious or artist-critic endeavours and usually more illumination, an advantage of seeing around a swerve. So I hope that this thesis stimulates your sense of our time. In effect, this thesis is what each has taken in via sheer living, one version different from the other yet still related by webs of history, styles of lives, and rivers of being becoming becoming that we refer to by that most intimate and indefinable of words, consciousness. Consciousness!*

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